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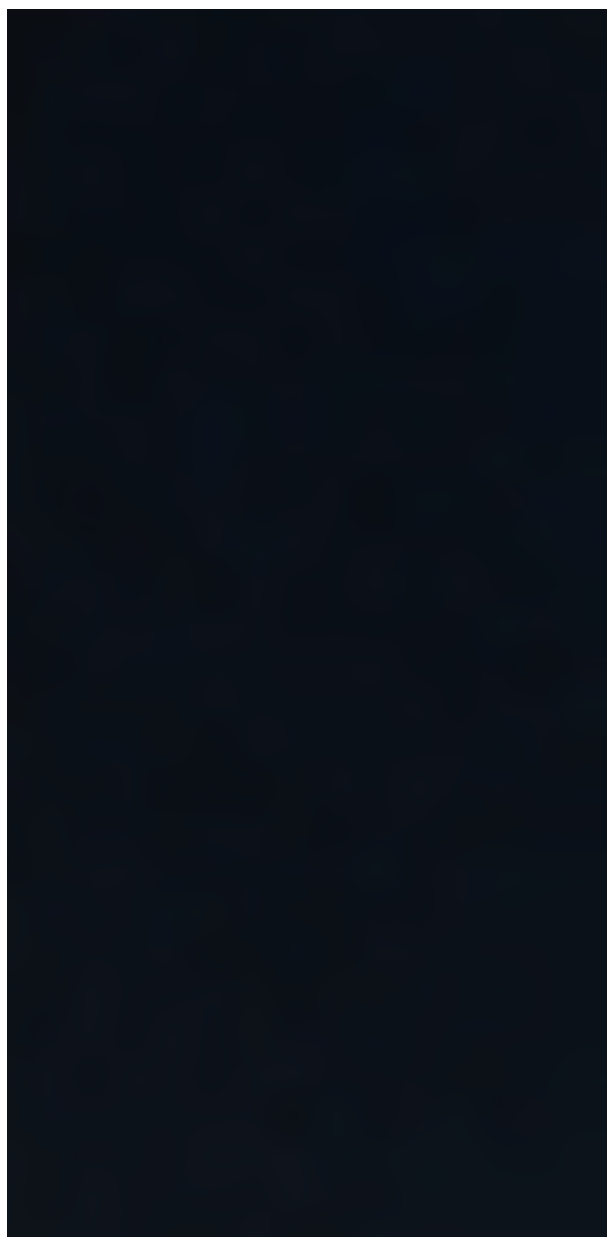
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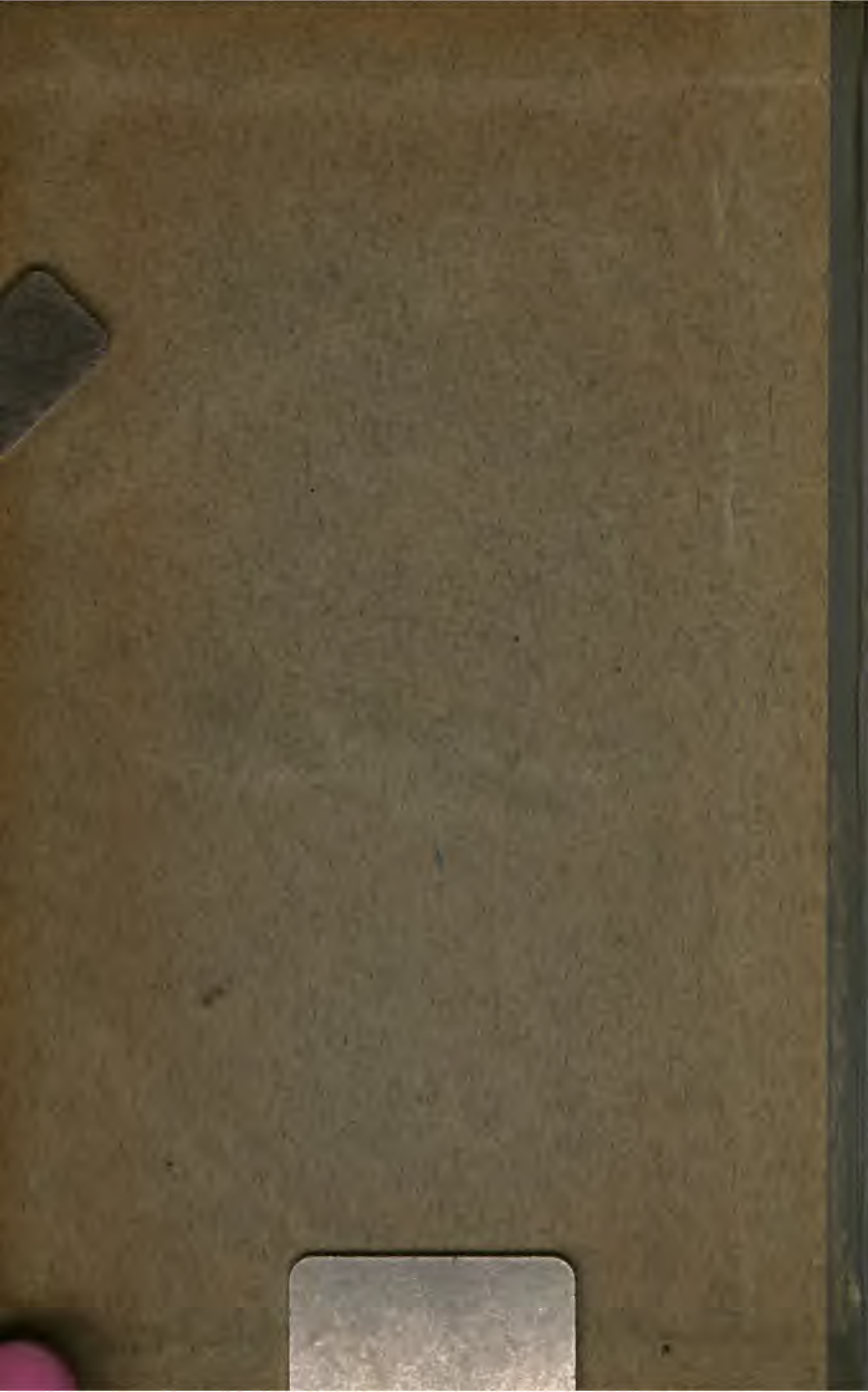
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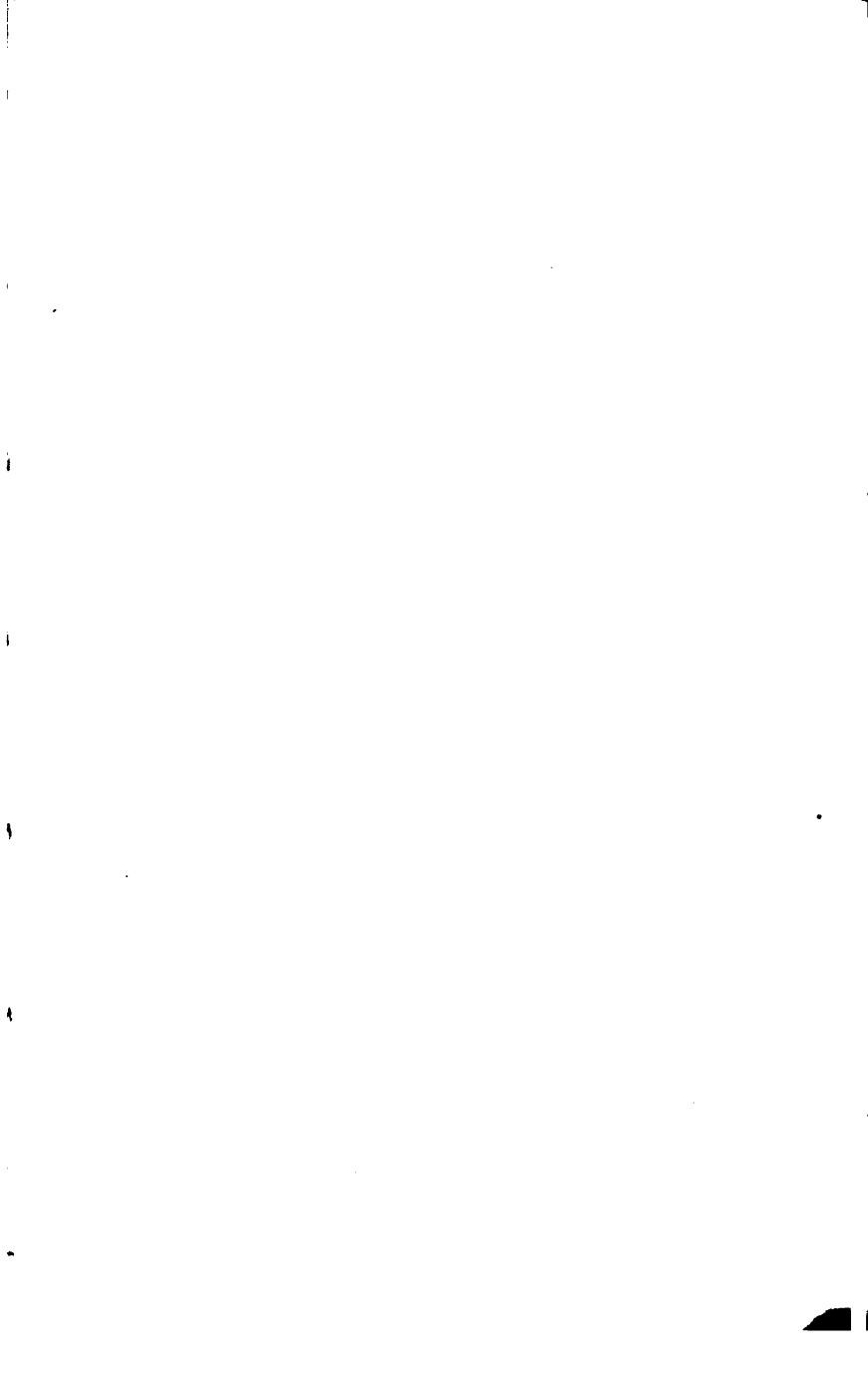




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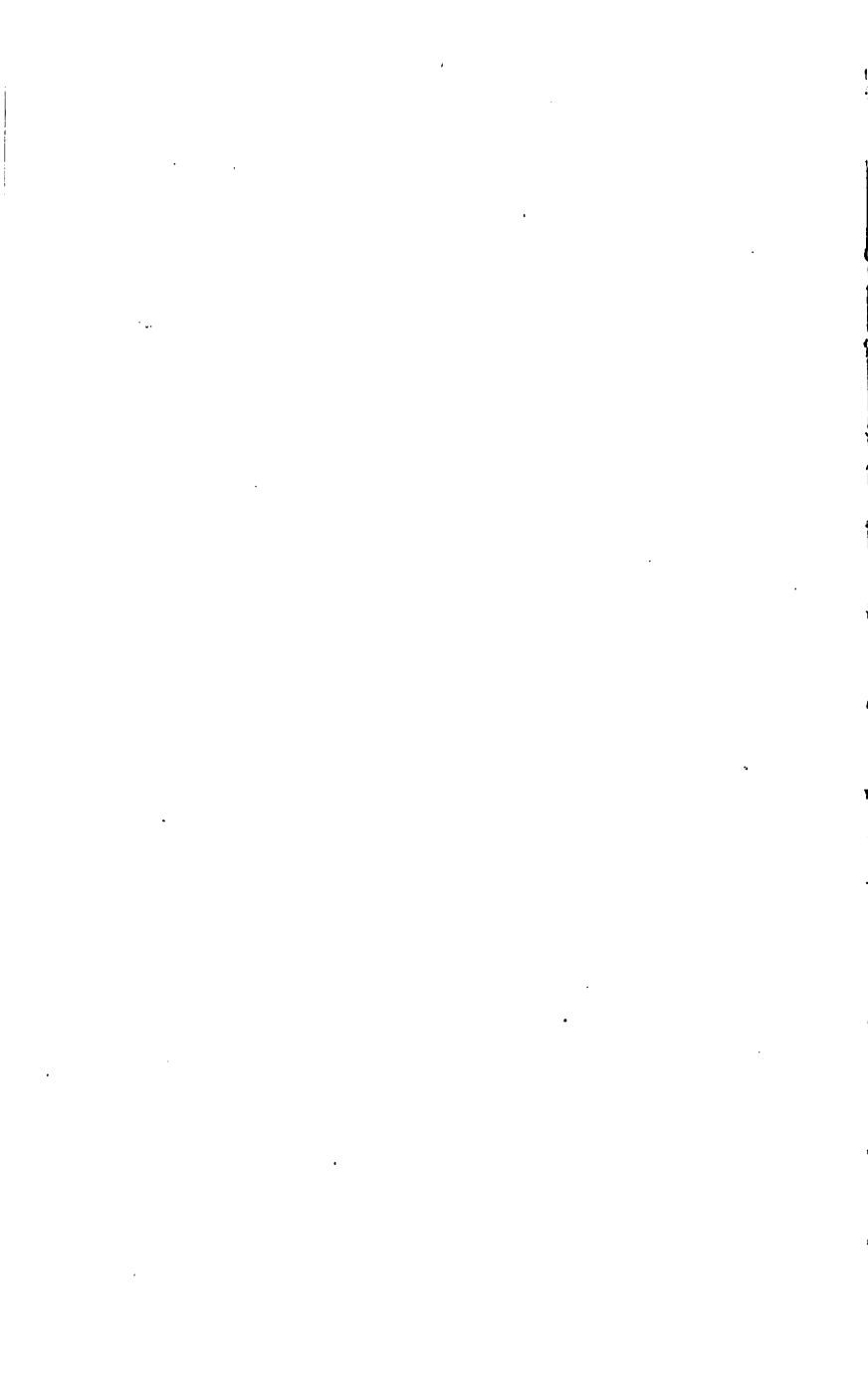
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RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS
OF
COURTS AND SOCIETY.



RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS

OF

COURTS AND SOCIETY.

BY

A COSMOPOLITAN.

Velde, Mme. M. J. van de J.

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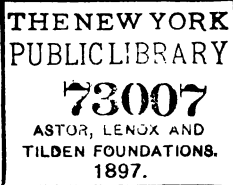
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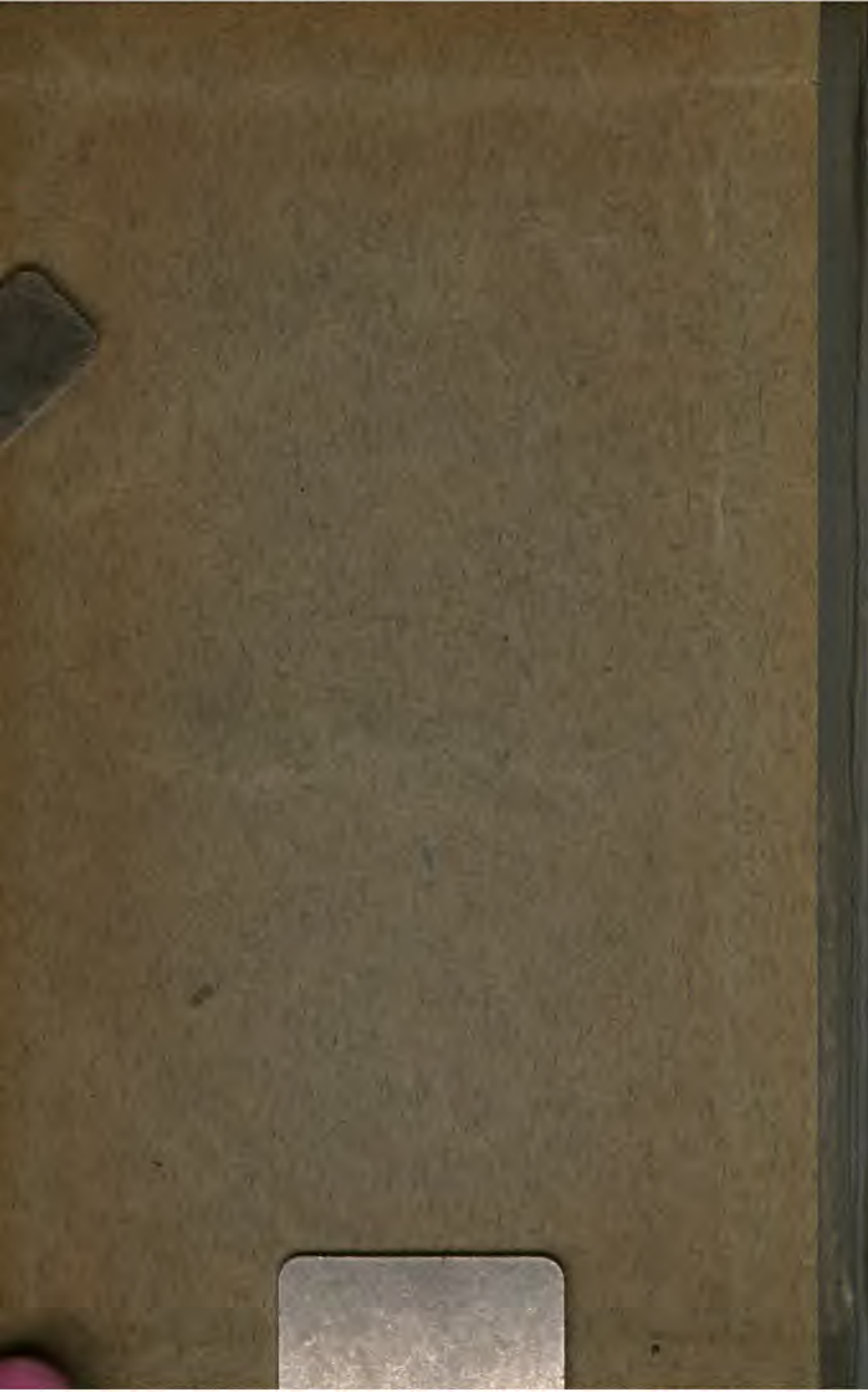
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INTRODUCTION.

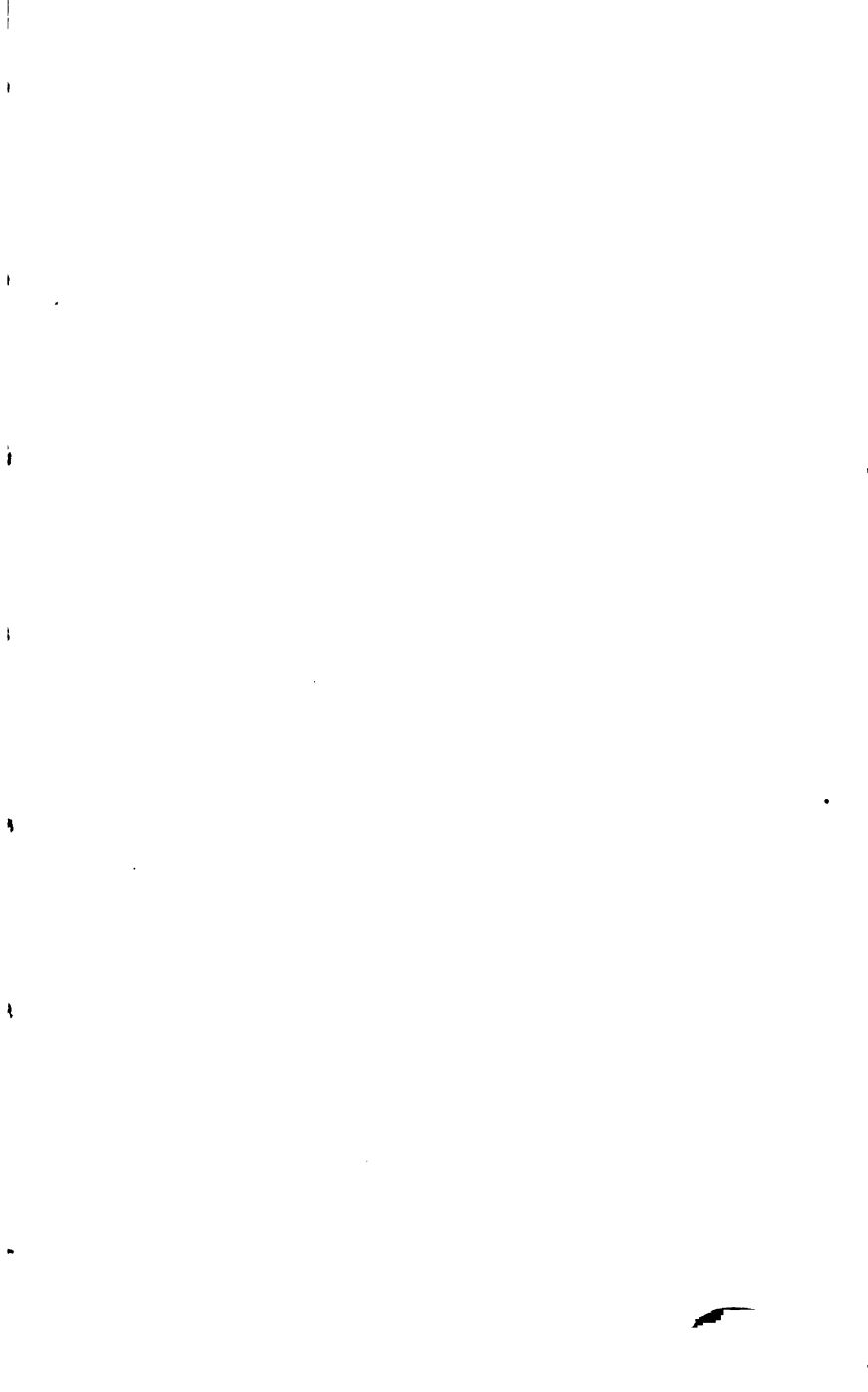
TRADITION is the diary of nations, Memory is the diary of individuals. Neither are implicitly to be trusted as long as they are not supplemented by written words or confirmed by subsequent events. "Believe nothing that you hear, and only half you see," is an axiom admirably adapted to actuality, but Time steps in, and with Experience holding up its searching lamp they certify, correct, complete or eliminate the inchoate elements, and out of the residue of their expurgating chemistry the simple truth arises.

From yellow letters, odd note-books, began and interrupted journals, some closely-written, others with merely a few pages filled; from personal recollections and intercourse, this volume has been compiled. It has revived before the writer's eyes bygone days that were already getting dim, and given fresh significance to once familiar sayings and doings. It has no pretensions to chronological

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Velde





RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS
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went to confer on the subject with his brother at Charlottenbourg,—the royal residence at the gates of Berlin,—before starting for Ostend, where he habitually spent some weeks every year; but in that interview nothing was decided. On the other hand, Queen Victoria, who was to meet her daughter at Cologne, changed her plans, and decided to come as far as Potsdam, the doctors having decreed that the condition of the not long married Princess Victoria rendered a longer journey unadvisable. Although the announcement was only made officially some time afterwards, it was known that she was expecting her first child. The Queen of England arrived at Babelsberg in August, and made a somewhat lengthened stay.

Towards the end of September of the same year, fresh endeavours were set on foot by M. de Manteuffel, Minister of Foreign Affairs and President of the Council, in order to have a regency declared previous to the departure of the Prince of Prussia for the manœuvres at Warsaw, but the King was at that moment so ailing that it was impossible to

hold any satisfactory communications with him; the decision was again deferred, and the Minister followed the Prince to Poland in the same state of uncertainty. However, after a short stay at Meran in Bavaria, where he went to take the waters, the health of the King improved so far that on the 8th of October the decree was promulgated announcing that the Prince of Prussia assumed the regency of the kingdom till the complete recovery of His Majesty the King, and was to represent the latter in all things. On the 20th of the same month the Regent opened Parliament with a rather colourless speech, but on the 26th he took the oath of allegiance to the Constitution, and expressed himself in noble and manly terms.

The Ministry fell on the 3rd of November, and Prince Hohenzollern—the father of the young Queen of Portugal—was designated for the Presidency, with M. de Schleinitz for the Foreign Office. The former was credited with having some influence over the Regent, and being himself under the influence of the Princess it became evident that the latter would take an important

part in public affairs. M. de Schleinitz, a man of the world and a clever diplomat, married the following year a daughter of Bethman Hollweg, the "Cultus Minister," who afterwards developed a passionate admiration for Wagner, at whose feet she would sit in wrapt adoration. On November the 6th, Baron Manteuffel left the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, on the exact anniversary of the day when he had entered it nine years previously. He was a quiet, insignificant-looking man, having the type of a spectacled professor, very fond of his wife, and being with her even in the large Ministerium on a footing of domesticated, *bourgeoise* familiarity. He called her "liebe frau," she called him "lieber Mann," and at their receptions, held once a week, whoever might be present, they did not hesitate to enter into the most intimate details of hygiene as concerning each other. Baroness Manteuffel was even more homely than her husband. On being asked why she never conversed with Mrs. Vroom, the wife of the United States Minister lately arrived, she excused herself by alleging that she did not understand the language.

“But you speak English perfectly,” objected her interlocutor. “Oh yes,” answered the good lady, “but not American.”

The Prince of Wales paid a visit to his sister at the end of November; the Regent gave a State dinner in his honour in his own palace in Berlin, and Lord and Lady Bloomfield a ball at the British Legation. The Prince, although seventeen years old, did not look more than fourteen; he had the appearance of being quite a boy, fair and very slim; his large blue eyes were much admired, and the Berlineses were pleased with his simple, unaffected manners. He danced all night long with great animation, but showed a distressing partiality for selecting the tallest women in the room as his partners, and his red uniform was seen manfully struggling in waltz or polka with their embarrassing disproportion. Mr.—now Sir Robert—Morie, first secretary of the legation, entrusted with the management of the ball, suffered much discomposure at the reckless fashion in which His Royal Highness upset the arrangement and order of the dances to suit his convenience; yet

there was no superciliousness or arrogance in his way of doing it.

The Princesse de Metternich, whose husband was Austrian Minister at Dresden, visited Berlin that year. Although her later exploits in Paris out-Heroded her achievements there, she was already a dashing, unconventional, eccentric woman; no doubt she would have seemed so anywhere, but in the sober and somewhat stilted society of the Prussian capital she created quite a sensation. Her features were irregular and strongly marked, her face offering a singular mingling of the Kalmouck and mulatto types; her eyes were magnificent, her hair dark and abundant, her voice high-pitched, rapid, and musical; at a first glance she appeared ugly; as one knew her better, all her exterior defects seemed only an extraordinary way of being fascinating. *Grande dame* to her finger-tips, she behaved at times like a *grisette*; she played at whist at the house of Count Adlerberg, the Russian military envoy, avowedly for the purpose of winning enough to pay for a pink bonnet, having, as she said, won a few nights

before the price of a dress, and to make her speculation less hazardous she took her husband for her partner, and gravely wondered if her adversaries expected her to pay when she lost. But whether she kissed Count Beust at an official reception at the Tuileries to wheedle him into giving a fancy ball, or stood erect in her box at the "Italiens" in Paris when the *Tannhäuser* was received with hisses, and with extended hand apostrophized the audience, saying aloud—" *Imbéciles*, you will worship to-morrow what you insult to-day!"—whether she wrangled with statesmen or sang the most *canaille* songs of Theresa, the Café Chantant Diva, the Princesse de Metternich never lost a certain innate, unconscious spirit of caste which prevented her from being irretrievably, socially undone. She had women on her side, because she did not challenge their rivalry, and men because she never set herself the impossible task of converting lovers into friends. Her eccentricity was an heirloom transmitted by her father, the half-mad Count Zychy. He was the most audacious and fearless of riders, spending most of

his life in his stables with his horses, and never more happy than when astonishing Vienna with some extravagant feat. He put six horses to a landau and drove the whole turn-out to the fifth floor of a palace in town, coming down in the same fashion. When he was about to marry, his future mother-in-law implored him to abstain from such perilous experiments, and won his sacred promise to be henceforth prudent and careful. The very next day he entered her drawing-room on horseback to deliver a message, and after manœuvring his steed among the furniture, bowed and made his exit as if he had paid a morning call in the usual orthodox fashion.

A propos to Wagner, notwithstanding the extraordinary enthusiasm professed in Germany for the Maestro and the first instalments of the Music of the Future, a parody of the *Tannhäuser* was produced in Berlin in the autumn of 1858, and met with unconditional success. Wagner even then had his manias and his whims which he obtruded ruthlessly. He was what the French call, "*un poseur*," declaring that a certain staging

was indispensable before he could work, and expecting all those who invited him in their houses to conform to those fancies. He would not compose a line save in a room hung with red, caused the draperies to be changed when not of that colour, and was on other apparently frivolous subjects equally exacting. This constant pre-occupation of the *mise en scène* was undoubtedly a mystic bond between Wagner and his patron the King of Bavaria; Louis, floating in his shell-like gondola drawn by swans on the waters of the Grotto of Linderhof, was a disciple of the same warped, imaginative creed of the Maestro, who made his musical inspiration dependent on the hangings of a wall or the material of the loose robe he donned.

Hans de Bulow, whose future destinies were to be so closely and romantically linked with those of Richard Wagner, when they began to play in real life the French comedy of “*Une femme pour deux Maris*,” was already in 1858 a good but not yet a famous pianist; he played at very modest German houses when the hosts happened to be

his friends, sitting down at the instrument after dinner without pretension or much pressing, and bringing with him his wife Cosima, the daughter of Liszt, whom he had not long before married. She was a bright, cheerful, talkative, French-looking woman, eager to relate her impressions of America, where she had made a prolonged stay, and glad to renew acquaintance with any one she had met there. Madame de Bulow's father, the great Abbé Liszt, paid frequent visits to Berlin, and was always well received at Court. His peculiarity consisted in refusing to play the piano whenever he was asked and even implored to do so, and in being mortally offended when he was not. At a Court concert at the Regent's, where he was invited, he sat a long time at the end of a seat reading over the programme in moody silence, then during the pause between the two parts he marched up to the platform of the performers with his long white hair and stiff gait, sat down at the piano and played divinely. He stopped as unceremoniously as he had commenced, walked away and left the palace without exchang-

ing a syllable with any one. Notwithstanding his priestly character he eventually lived in perfect harmony with the strange trio, his daughter Cosima, and her two husbands Wagner and Hans de Bulow, and never seemed to be in any way struck with the incongruity of those complicated relations.

The name of the King of Bavaria, father of Wagner's Royal friend, is linked with that of Lola Montès, the ungovernable equestrian who held so tight a rein over him, and wrung even a title from his senile infatuation. She came to Switzerland on her way to the south, being then in the heyday of her insolent beauty and more insolent fortune. At Lausanne she stayed in the best hotel, accenting all her commands with a riding-whip that never left her. She went to Geneva, had some valuable Cashmere shawls brought to the hotel for her inspection, selected two and dismissed the shopman, who however refused to leave the shawls without the money they cost. Lola became furious, took up a pair of scissors, hacked the goods, and threw the pieces

in the astounded shopman's face, then ordered him out of her presence with the words—"Louis payera." The King of Bavaria *did* pay as he had done for many vagaries of the fair termagant, who pursued her journey unmolested.

Berlin, even before the development it acquired later, ranked high enough to attract the leading individualities of other countries, who all at one time or other visited it, and those birds of passage formed a motley group. Prince Louis Napoleon stopped a day or two on his way to the manœuvres at Warsaw, where he met the Prince of Prussia; in '58 Phelps, the English Shakespearean actor, played the *Merchant of Venice* in the original at the Wilhelmstadtische theatre, with a Miss Atkinson for his leading lady; most of the great European singers deemed it an honour to be heard at the Opernhaus, and all the mediatized Princes and Princesses gravitated to Berlin.

In December '58, Bosco, the world-renowned conjurer, came also; he was a wonderfully jovial man, revelling in the practice of legerdemain, of which he was a consummate master, and not in the

least reluctant to fool all those he met, high and low, in public and in private. He was the last of the prestidigitators who trusted more to their marvellous manipulation than to artificial tricks and prepared contrivances ; short and very stout, he would perform in a sleeveless shirt, black velvet tunic, and flourishing his massive white arms in the air, apostrophize the "*spiriti infernali mici*," before executing some perfectly incredible feat. He did not confine himself to public performances. One day walking with the Piedmontese Chargé d'Affaires on the Boulevards in Paris, he suddenly said—"I must give a sou to that beggar;" then with a rueful face of consternation he continued—"Oh, I should not have expected that of you, Count ; I am a poor player, and you are a gentleman, yet you have taken my purse," and on seeing the startled face of the diplomat he requested him to feel in his own breast-pocket under his over-coat, where indeed he found Bosco's *portemonnaye*. On market days, strolling before the country women and their wares, he would carefully pick up a carrot or a turnip, cut it open abstractedly, and with feigned

surprise extract a piece of money, repeating the experiment several times from different baskets, till the dazzled vendors ruthlessly performed the same operation on their whole stock in quest of the coveted silver. Bosco, laughing like a boy at his practical joke, generally handed his dupes the value of their damaged goods, preaching meanwhile a serious little homily on the dangers of covetousness.

During his stay in Berlin he was asked to perform before the Regent and his family. In the course of the *séance* he pointed to a terrestrial globe on a stand, saying to the Prince—"Highness, drop your finger on the Kingdom of Prussia and you will see it grow under your touch." The Prince complied with the request, and as he placed his hand on the specified spot the frontiers expanded on either side to the incredulous surprise of a score of bystanders. Bosco ignored that he had the gift of prophecy.

That winter of '58-59 the Regent entertained a good deal, the physical health of the King, his brother, allowing him to do so. The balls and

receptions were always brilliant, the Prince and Princess of Prussia conversing freely with their guests, the former especially making himself more than ever popular by his genial and unfailing courtesy alike towards young and old.

A pleasant house to go to was the Legation of Saxony. The Minister, Count Hohenthal, had married the morganatic widow of the Elector of Hanover, and her large fortune permitted her to give numerous entertainments in the best style. The Countess was a fair, plump woman, fond of society, and by no means ill-natured ; she had no daughters, but was like a mother to her husband's two nieces, Wally and Valerie Hohenthal ; the former, an exceedingly pretty girl, was maid of honour to Princess Victoria, and enjoyed the privileges given by the post, namely, a residence at the palace, a carriage with horses and servants at her disposal, immunity from the trammels imposed by society on young unmarried ladies, a small salary, and very light duties. She married Mr. Paget, Secretary to the British Embassy, on his promotion to the post of Minister at Dresden, and

is now Lady Paget, Ambassadors at Vienna. Valerie, the younger sister, who succeeded her in her attendance on the Princess, was not so beautiful, but very clever, with most advanced and broad views about marriage, or rather, to speak more correctly, she revolted against marriage altogether as a brutal tie. When Count Uxkull fell in love with her, he would only too gladly have made her his wife, and no opposition would have been raised against a match suitable in every way, but the young lady—who returned his affection—refused to bind him or bind herself to any but voluntary love not made imperative by religious or civil contract. Dispensing, therefore, with any such formalities, she joined her destinies with those of her lover, incurring the displeasure of her family, who refused to recognize such a union. She retired with Count Uxkull to a happy solitude on the shores of the Black Sea, where for some years she enjoyed unalloyed felicity till the death in rapid succession of two lovely children smote her with superstitious remorse, and fearful that her contempt of laws human and divine should bring

upon her further bereavements, she at last consented to be prosaically and regularly married.

A certain Fraulein Lilienthal, a graceful and handsome *danseuse*, was at that time the idol of Berlin; she was a magnificent creature, but at the zenith of her fame she abruptly left the stage. She had married an Austrian nobleman, who had paid thirty thousand thalers forfeit to her manager and given her five thousand thalers pin-money. After showing herself resplendent in jewels in a box of the same theatre at which she used to dance, she went to Vienna with her husband, where her triumph received a sudden check. During a short absence from home letters arrived for her which her husband in the fatuous trust of the honeymoon opened and read. One of them contained a cheque for twenty thousand thalers, with the invitation from a Russian Prince passing through Vienna to renew during his brief stay the charming intimacy of former days. When the bride returned she found the bridegroom awaiting her with a lifted cane; he at once sued for a divorce, which he obtained, and sent Fraulein

Lilienthal back to her relatives, to the intense gratification of the whole Corps de Ballet, who had not yet quite recovered from the jealous trepidation caused by their former comrade's good fortune. Prince Sayn Witgenstein eventually married this same Lilienthal—some say her sister—and thereby incurred his family's lasting displeasure, although she proved a good wife. He died in Rome, and a scandalous debate took place over his remains, which were brought back by the widow to the family place, refused admittance to the vault, and the coffin allowed to stay a whole night in the rain before the closed gates. She has quite lately written in the shape of a novel the story of her wrongs.

General Wrangel was another familiar figure in Berlin. The approbation and openly-expressed admiration of the lower classes was necessary to his happiness ; he courted it in his off-hand fashion, and even after he became a Marshal he used to delight in riding through the streets in his light blue uniform on his legendary white horse, chucking *groschens* to the small bare-headed Arabs who ran at his heels, and waving his hand to every

pretty girl he passed, with sometimes an audible compliment to her good looks. He boasted that he had never worn an overcoat, and to the day of his death the old man's spare lean figure was seen braving the rigour of northern winters and the icy blasts that sweep across the Prussian plain. It was pretty well known, however, that the close-fitting uniform covered a thick make-up not appreciable to the eye on account of the exceeding thinness of the wearer. Marshal Wrangel had never mastered the intricacies of his mother tongue, and spoke German like the uneducated ; he invariably used "mir" for "mich," and the reverse ; his phraseology was quaint, terse, ungrammatical, and sometimes epigrammatical. He was a good soldier, a mediocre General, devoted to King William IV., and consequently vicariously jealous of the Regent's increasing popularity, and with all his apparent frivolity and would-be joyous carelessness was truly sad at heart when he was overlooked on any occasion where he fancied he might have acquired military celebrity. During the revolutionary period of 1848, when Berlin

was momentarily in the hands of the rebels, General Wrangel distinguished himself. He was at Magdeburg at the head of his troops, and the insurgents had threatened to murder his wife, whom he had left in Berlin, if he entered the capital with his victorious soldiers. As the regiments filed behind him through the Brandenburger Thor to occupy the city once more, he stopped his horse in the middle of the Pariser Platz, turned to his aide-de-camp and said grimly: "*Jetzt machen Sie mir meine Frau todt*" (now they are killing my wife for me). Needless to add that no such eventuality occurred, but there were some who affirmed that had the rebels kept their word Wrangel would have borne his conjugal bereavement stoically. He was given no command during the Sleswig-Holstein campaign, and resented the omission bitterly. On being asked one day how he was, he answered with a little tremor in his voice and a shadow on his deeply wrinkled face—"*Ganz wohl; ich bleibe im Stall mit dem Schimmel und zupf charpie*" (Quite well; I remain in the stable with the white horse, picking lint).

He loved the minutiae of his profession ; he expected the officers of the garrison to report themselves on every possible occasion, and with curious inconsistency this genial martinet would joke and chaff them on their love affairs. When a young fellow was promoted Wrangel first delivered a lecture on soldiers' duties, then congratulated him on his advancement, and finally pointing with his lean forefinger to a particular spot on his furrowed cheek said peremptorily, "*kiss mir da*," using the familiar *thou*, and exaggerating in his pronunciation of the word "*kiss*" the slangy Berlinesse accent. Such as he was, he could have been less well spared than a better man ; he seemed the embodiment of the old rough, fearless *reiters*, hardly ever seen out of the saddle, unwitting of the niceties of civilization, ignorant of the tenderness of home life, whose whole soul was with their camp-followers, and in whom the paternal feeling had never been evoked save by their troopers.

II.

Meyerbeer—Baron Martens—Stolen despatch-box of the Queen
—The White Lady—Count Hatzfeldt—Madame Van der
Heydt—Officers of the Guard—Bettina Arnim—Birth
of Prince Wilhelm—Count Bismarck at the French
Legation.

MEYERBEER wrote the *Pardon de Ploermel*, and had it played for the first time in Berlin in 1859. He and his wife entertained spasmodically; their receptions were slow, solemn, and heavy; Madame Meyerbeer was not strong in health, capricious in disposition, and moreover a prey to such active and unreasoning jealousy that she embittered her own existence and shadowed her husband's. For all that, she had some sincere friends who liked her for the sterling qualities that underlied her faults, and more than one of her friendships, both with Germans and foreigners, endured till her death, which occurred three years ago, at the ripe age of eighty-two. Meyerbeer and his wife were

cousins; they had been engaged when mere children with their parents' consent. Jacques Beer—for he only adopted the prefix of Meyer on inheriting a large fortune from an uncle of that name conditionally on his doing so—was at twelve years old already celebrated throughout Germany for his talent of improvisation on the piano. Immediately after a second and more official betrothal to his cousin he joined Rossini in Italy. Together they lived at Venice, and while the Italian, in his exuberant spirits and reckless prodigality of youth, gave himself up heart and soul not only to music but to pleasure, the German remained dreamily faithful to his northern *fiancée*. “She must be very plain,” Rossini would say, “for a man only remains true to an ugly woman.”

After their marriage, Madame Meyerbeer's jealous influence kept her husband in Berlin against his secret inclination. It is more than probable that, left to himself, after the appearance of the *Huguenots*, the Maestro would have remained in France and been naturalized a Frenchman. Republican at heart, he cared little

for courts ; during the second Empire he was never seen at the Tuileries or at Compiègne. It can be said that he did not really like society in any shape or under any condition, for even when the hebdomadary and unconventional evening "at homes" of his old chum Rossini were too well attended, he felt ill at ease, and managed to slip away unseen from the crowded rooms of the hospitable house at the corner of the Chaussée d'Antin and the Boulevard.

Yet for all his impassive and quiet exterior, Meyerbeer's heart was touched more than once, and his wife's uneasiness was not entirely without foundation ; but he was timid with women, and shrank from an open declaration of his feelings. There is no doubt that he profoundly admired his first *Valentine*, Mademoiselle Falcon, and that the Diva was not insensible to his homage. Twenty years later he worshipped Juliette Lambert, then Madame La Messine, now Madame Adam, the gifted editor of the *Nouvelle Revue*. When she fascinated Meyerbeer she was only twenty-one, and resplendent with youth and beauty.

An anonymous letter apprised Madame Meyerbeer of her husband's passion for Mlle. Falcon, and without a moment's reflection she taxed him with it, at the same time announcing her irrevocable intention of returning to Berlin, taking an oath on the head of her children that she would never as long as she lived revisit Paris, but leaving him free to remain there alone. An hour later she had left him, and was speeding out of France. Twenty-eight years afterwards she was summoned to Paris by a telegram—when she arrived Meyerbeer was dead.

After the *éclat* provoked by the anonymous letter he never remained long away from his home; his absences were always compelled by business or the rehearsals of his operas. Both he and his wife were Jews; Frederick William IV. was attached to the whole family; he did not share in the national prejudice against the Semitic race—a characteristic equally found in his nephew Prince Frederick William. When the King was only Prince of Prussia he once saw on his father's table a decree awaiting the Royal signature, to the effect

that Jews would be permitted to take only Biblical names so as to make them everywhere recognizable. He wrote on the margin, "*Mil quatorze cent trente-six.*" This decree was never signed.

Notwithstanding the broadness of his views, Frederick William IV. wanted all the celebrated Israelites to become converts, and to consider as their real Rabbi the founder of the Protestant faith. When Doctor Stahl abjured Judaism he was created President of the *Herrenhaus*. The King offered to ennoble Meyerbeer on condition that he renounced his religion, but the Maestro refusing, he was merely appointed *Kapellen Meister* of the Court.

Meyerbeer was the most frugal and sober of men ; it is sad to have to add that he was equally one of the most stingy. The dinners he gave were so poor that his brother, the Banker Beer, used to invite his guests to supper afterwards in order to appease their unsatisfied hunger ; other miserly traits are recorded of him, and yet he not unfrequently helped the poor, and subscribed to certain charities. He had five children, three daughters

and two sons—the latter died early—one, the victim of a strangely fatal accident. His father was playing with him, and wishing to raise him on high, took hold of the boy's head between his hands, lifting him in the air; when he put him down again the child dropped down in a heap and never breathed again. The eldest daughter married a M. de Korff, an officer of dragoons, and became abnormally stout; it had been the intention of the Maestro to marry the second, Cecile, to Emile Ollivier, whose first wife, a daughter of Liszt, had recently died. Ollivier, made rich by his bride's splendid portion, would probably not have accepted a seat in the Cabinet under the Emperor, and moreover Meyerbeer, who hated Napoleon, would have strongly opposed such a measure, therefore if this marriage had actually taken place it is not fanciful to suppose that the war of 1870 might have been avoided. However, Cecile did not favour this plan, and later became the wife of an Austrian gentleman, Baron d'Andrian. She has the smallest waist of any living woman, and curiously enough no taste for music, which she only considers as an agreeable

noise. Cornelia, the youngest Mlle. Meyerbeer, married Richter, the great painter. The union was a perfectly happy one; her handsome boys are the originals of many of their father's later paintings, and she possesses a large album in which they have been photographed after Richter's wish in a variety of poses, forming groups and isolated figures of classical beauty. Madame Richter still lives in the pretty house so exquisitely furnished and decorated by her husband, in one of the shady avenues leading to the Thiergarten. Since his death in 1884 she has remained unconsolable, only rousing herself from her grief to soothe the last moments of her old mother and to watch over the education of her sons.

Baron de Martens, Minister of Saxe-Weimar at Berlin, took his retreat and finally settled at Dresden, but he frequently visited his old post and his former colleagues. At seventy-six he was still a hale and hearty man, a great diner-out and brilliant talker; he achieved quite a special celebrity with his highly-esteemed "Collection of Diplomatic Documents," which has been frequently consulted

and referred to as an authority on disputed matters of international law and etiquette, but to the world at large he was perhaps more interesting as the hero of a ghastly and dramatic adventure which befell him in his youth. Travelling in the Tyrol with his charming young wife, whom he loved passionately, he found himself obliged to put up for the night at a rustic and isolated mountain inn. Nothing in the surroundings or appearance of the landlord and people of the house was calculated to excite distrust, and shortly after supper he retired to rest with Madame de Martens in a double-bedded room set aside for their occupation. Waking up in the early morning, and instinctively looking towards his wife's bed, he saw only her decapitated body. The head had disappeared, and in spite of long endeavours and minute researches it has never been possible to discover the perpetrators of this inexplicable outrage or the motives of the crime.

On the 23rd of October, 1858, a despatch-box belonging to the Queen of Prussia was stolen at

Leipzig from the rooms occupied by Her Majesty during a short stay in that city. It contained one thousand Frederichs d'Or, the royal seal, and the Queen's private diary. No other valuables having been carried off from the same apartment, the theft was not attributed to ordinary burglars, but to persons of another class, having secret reasons for possessing themselves of those documents. The following December a pamphlet appeared in Brussels and in Paris, under the title *Les Amis de ma Femme*, said to contain real or fictitious revelations about the Princess of Prussia, whom her sister-in-law never loved. A coincidence was established by scandal-mongers between the publication of this book and the disappearance of Queen Elizabeth's diary, but it was impossible to procure a single copy in Berlin, so promptly and effectually had the suppression been made by the police. Twenty-six years later, when Prince Bismarck prohibited the *Société de Berlin*, by Vassilis, it was equally impossible to find at any bookseller's a single number of a book which had rapidly run into several editions by professing to lay bare social turpitudes.

On the 1st of January, 1859, Countess Goltz, Lady-in-waiting of Princess Frederick Charles, living in the Royal Palace (Königliches Schloss), related that the night before she had clearly seen the White Lady, the weird apparition which always heralds a death in the House of Hohenzollern. Several sentinels placed in different parts of the building spontaneously reported to having seen her likewise. The Princess Regent gave strict orders that the incident should be kept a secret from Princess Victoria, then on the eve of her confinement, but she had already heard the news and been nervously impressed by the circumstance. The legend of the "Weisse Dame" is looked upon by the Berlinese almost as a matter of faith; they neither doubt nor dispute it, and events have too often justified the superstition to shake their belief. On this particular occasion a Princess of Bavaria, closely connected with the Queen, died shortly after the ghostly visitation was seen. Several explanations of the origin of the White Lady are current; the most plausible and best accredited one seems to be that in the remote past a fair and

wicked Margrävine conceived a violent passion for a "Ritter" who served under her legal lord. The latter died a natural death, or was possibly murdered by his wife; anyhow she offered herself, her title, and her dominions to the beloved vassal. He turned from the temptress with the words, "Two lives stand between you and me." He meant her own, for she was abhorrent to him, and his, for he was deeply attached to her dead husband. The wretched woman, blinded by passion, fancied that he meant her two little sons, and seeing in them the only obstacle to her unholy desires strangled them with her own hands. When this was done she returned to the Ritter, assuring him that now nothing need separate them, and giving her deed as a proof of her overmastering love. Horrified and incensed he cursed her and stabbed himself, unwilling to live after being the innocent cause of the children's murder. The Margrävine in a fit of wild despair cast herself from the roof of the palace into the yard below, but not before prophesying that whenever ill should betide her house, she would appear again to give warning of the impending

calamity. The apparition has been frequently visible; men of no imagination, officers whose veracity has never been suspected, women on whom it has come unawares, have all at different times sworn to having met on various occasions a white or rather pale gray figure flitting through the long corridors of the Schloss; and a whole year has never elapsed between the apparition of the White Lady and the death it is supposed to herald.

The Palace is the only building in which she appears, and yet it is neither deserted, abandoned, nor solitary, although it is not always inhabited by Royalty, especially since the last fifty or sixty years. A numerous guard of soldiers is constantly on duty, and all the great Court balls are given within its walls. Among the spacious, richly-decorated rooms are the White Hall, with its gallery, staircase, and fountain, the room of the Black Eagle, where the hangings of cloth-of-silver are brodered with the Prussian coat-of-arms. In that apartment hung the famous balcony of solid silver which was melted during the Thirty Years' War to defray expenses, and was replaced

by a facsimile in silvered wood. The long picture gallery leads from this and other halls to the dancing saloon, and contains some really beautiful paintings. Frederick William IV. was the last monarch who actually slept in the Schloss, but even he much preferred Sans Souci and the New Palace at Potsdam; the Prince of Prussia had his own palace Unter den Linden, or rather at the northern extremity of the avenue, and retained it as Regent, King, and Emperor. Indeed, the people could ill have spared the daily joy of seeing him watch the guard relieved from that window, where they could feast their eyes at the same time on the bronze statue of Frederick the Great and on the person of his worthy successor, mingling the names of both in patriotic gratitude as the founders of their greatness.

For the second time the Regent opened Parliament on January the 12th, 1859, the ceremony taking place in the White Hall of the Palace in presence of the whole Diplomatic Corps; he declared himself prepared to follow in all things the policy of his brother, the King. A feeling of

great security pervaded the kingdom at large, but the most advanced of the Young German party did not conceal their displeasure at this unexpected check given to their aspirations. The Regent of Prussia was no longer quite the same man as the Prince of Prussia at Coblenz.

About that time the diplomatic service sustained a loss in the person of one of its efficient members, Count Hatzfeldt, the King's Minister in Paris. He had come home for a week to assist at the function of the White Hall, had been taken ill, and his wife was hastily summoned. On her arrival she found him so much better that her anxiety was allayed, and she even went with her niece, Princess Radziwill, *née* de Castellane, to an official ball at the Minister of Justice, Van der Heydt. The next morning Count Hatzfeldt was found dead in his bed of apoplexy. He was a charming man, of a liberal and cultivated mind, a real *Grand Seigneur* in person and manners, and his loss was felt equally in his own country and in France, where he had filled a difficult post with tact and amenity.

Van der Heydt gave the best entertainments of any of the State Ministers, who all received at their official residences during the Carnival, conforming to an express desire of the Court. The *Justiz Ministerium*, situated in the Wilhelm Strasse, the aristocratic thoroughfare of Berlin, was particularly well adapted for large receptions, as it contained a fine suite of rooms and a splendid conservatory or winter garden, a very unusual feature then in any of the city houses. It was plentifully stocked with flowers and exotics, and for many years witnessed the flirtations of successive generations of officers with the prettiest girls in town. The young ladies had very much the best of that pleasant pastime, very few married women venturing to indulge in it, and those who so far trespassed as to make their conduct noticeable were severely criticized and considered as bordering on impropriety. When a number of officers gave a ball at the Hôtel de Rome, inviting only twelve of those bold matrons, and not a single girl, the impression produced on society was enormous, and curiosity singularly exercised. It

was gradually known that the revels had been kept up till six o'clock in the morning, that there were two suppers and two cotillons, but no husbands. The promoters of this unique and startling departure from customary rules were the handsomest, richest, and most brilliant officers of the Guard both in Berlin and Potsdam; conspicuous among them the Prince of Mecklenbourg—called *Schnaps*; the Princes of Reuss and Altenbourg; Count Lehndorf, a cuirassier, unanimously acknowledged to be the most perfect specimen of manhood, who became General, *aide-de-camp à la suite* of the Emperor William, and through time and changes retained all his superb presence and a great proportion of his good looks; Von Alten, the brother of the Duchess of Manchester, grandson of a confidential servant of the Duke of Hanover, Baron when travelling in Switzerland to study French in a Swiss family, plain "Herr" when wearing his white uniform in Berlin. He was a remarkably good dancer, became a very good officer, followed the Crown Prince in all his campaigns, and after Sedan was

one of those who witnessed the Emperor Napoleon III. surrender his sword to the King of Prussia. His eyesight was at one time seriously affected, but under the judicious treatment of Dr. Graefe, the famous oculist, he recovered it. Another of his sisters married Count Albedyll, since General of the Staff and *aide-de-camp* of the Emperor William. There was also present at that much-discussed ball Count Schulenburg, who died insane, and whose mother became Mistress of the Robes; Count Dönhoff of the Hussars, whose matrimonial venture with a pretty Russian ended in a painful discovery and subsequent divorce; Baron Eckardstein, whose family had the reputation of being deficient in intelligence. A story was current that a King of Prussia had presented one of his ancestors with a pistol, allowing him to shoot any man he found more foolish than himself, and that after two years the Baron returned the pistol to the King, saying he had failed in his quest. There were besides many others who shone in the dazzling pleiad of Guardsmen in those early days as men of pleasure, and showed of what stuff they were made when the

Fatherland called upon their valour and energy in the hour of peril and action.

Madame Van der Heydt was a stout, plain, good-humoured *bourgeoise*, who never quite recovered the elation of being the wife of a *Staats Minister*, and showed her satisfaction with a beaming *naïveté* that robbed it of any vulgar offensiveness. She grew ambitious in her dress and manners in proportion as the startled novelty of her new position became less oppressive, and even attempted to enrich her vocabulary with French expressions, not always quite successfully, as when she informed a foreigner how delighted she was to receive *la haute volaille*, meaning presumably "*la haute volée*."

January '59 witnessed the death of a woman who had basked all her life in the reflected glory of Germany's greatest poet, Bettina d'Arnim, "Goethe's Bettina," as she was called to the end, as if there could be no individuality about her save the childish love out of which she made such capital, although seeing her in her maturity one was sorely tempted to doubt its sincerity. She

had married a gentleman of her own family and name, had several children, and to put it mildly, was eccentric in her mode of life, and not altogether agreeable in her relations with society. It cannot be said that she was regretted, yet her demise was the signal for a revival of all the old sickly romance which a forward and pretentious little girl had woven round the too easily flattered man of genius. Bettina d'Arnim towards the close of her life did not even speak of Goethe in terms suitable to so great a man; she was essentially artificial and affected, with that simpering affectation which sits specially ill on German women as being absolutely inconsistent with their practical nature.

The great event of the same month occurred on the 27th, when the booming of cannon, one hundred and one times repeated, announced the birth of the son and heir of Prince Frederick William and Princess Victoria. Lord Bloomfield had been hastily summoned to the palace of the Prince during the night, and remained there till the child was born. For nearly an hour anxiety was

felt respecting the safety of the mother, but the cause soon disappeared, and free scope was given to the joy elicited by the event. A spontaneous illumination set Berlin in a blaze of fire at night-fall, and the ball fixed for that day at the Regent's was not countermanded. Two thousand guests tendered their heartfelt congratulations to their Royal hosts, and shared in the visible gratification of the Prince and Princess, who appeared proud and radiant.

On the following day the Maids of Honour of Princess Victoria received the ladies of the Diplomatic Corps, who went officially to make inquiries and present their felicitations. The young father was inexpressibly happy; he loved his wife deeply, and his marriage with her had been a love-match on his side. He never pretended to conceal or disguise it. During his engagement he often spoke of the Princess,—at a ball given by his father while dancing the cotillon with a lady with whom he was on very friendly terms, he asked her if she had ever seen his *fiancée*. Receiving a negative answer, he drew from the

breast of his uniform a small miniature-case, and opening it, said with frank, honest conviction, "Look at her, is she not pretty? I always have her portrait by me." The face he showed was *not* pretty, but it was young and fresh, and might have seemed beautiful to his loving eyes.

It was soon known that the royal baby was afflicted with a slight malformation of the left arm; and public opinion affirmed that the limb had been injured at the birth by the English physician whom the Princess Royal insisted on sending for to attend her; but strong hopes were entertained that time and science would, if not utterly restore the arm to a naturally healthy condition, at least make it available for all ordinary purposes. This hope has been justified, for unless prepared to examine Prince Wilhelm very closely, it is difficult to perceive that he has not the equal use of both his arms. He was christened only on the 5th of March, the city being again illuminated notwithstanding a terrific storm of wind and rain.

The child's grandfather, the future Emperor William, had also a maimed finger. When quite

an infant he was dropped by his nurse out of a window of the Palace of the Princess de Liegnitz, in which his mother dwelt, on to a flower-plot below, and suffered no worse harm than having his fore-finger crushed so severely that the whole nail and upper joint were irretrievably lost. This was very noticeable when William I. with his familiar and favourite gesture passed his hand with the white military glove over his heavy moustache, but it did not cause him the slightest inconvenience.

In the diplomatic movement which took place in the early spring, Count Otto von Bismarck was sent from Frankfort to St. Petersburg, and on his way paid a short visit to Berlin. A couple of years before he was present at a ball given by the French Minister, the Marquis de Moustiers; he came late, and no longer found the hostess in the first drawing-room where she had received all her guests. Standing at the door, the burly cuirassier, more of a soldier than a diplomat, had to push his way into an inner room, and when he at last found the Marquise and made his bow, she was so surrounded that she could only acknowledge it

by a silent inclination of the head. This cool recognition incensed M. de Bismarck, who vented his indignation in a conversation with a lady to whom he was soon after presented. "*Capricieuse comme toutes les Belges*," he grumbled, and then added with conviction, "I don't like the French."

Madame de Moustiers was a Merode—an old Belgian family. Her brother, Monsignor de Merode, filled the anomalous post of War Minister to His Holiness Pius IX. ; one of her sisters married the Prince de Valentinois, nominal ruler of the principality of that name, and had the reputation of being as cold and unscrupulous as she was beautiful ; another became Princesse de la Cisterna in Piedmont, and her daughter married the Duc d'Aosta, second son of King Victor Emmanuel, who for a brief space of time occupied the throne of Spain. The young girl had been brought up in all the austere simplicity in vogue among the older Sardinian nobility, having been hardly in society before her marriage, and never worn a silk dress. She was shy, modest, retiring, and very much awed by the splendour of semi-regal union.

III.

Second of December at the Elysée Bourbon in 1851—The Coup d'État—Mlle. Rachel—Sarah Bernhardt—Countess de Castiglione—Comte de Lesseps—Mlle. le Normand—Manuel Godoi.

THE weekly reception at the Elysée Bourbon on Monday, December 1st, 1851, was not in any outward signs different from those that had preceded it. The usual somewhat mixed company was there—people whom everybody knew, people whom nobody knew; coteries met, strangers wandered disconsolately in and out of the groups; the National Guard mustered strong; there was some music and a little dancing. Monsieur Thurgot, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, was busy introducing new-comers to the President of the Republic; Prince Lucien Murat was pleasant and chatty, full of the reminiscences of his visit to

Turin ; Princess Mathilde, definitively separated from her wealthy but uncongenial husband, Prince Demidoff, did the honours of the Elysée with charming grace ; her white teeth, dazzling complexion, and brilliant eyes were entirely French, her diamonds exclusively Muscovite. Two young girls with fiery red hair, irregularly descended from William IV. of England, were talked about as having attracted the fancy of the head of the nation, and have been since credited with making red locks the fashion ; Louis Napoleon himself, " Monsieur le President " as he was officially styled—" Monseigneur " as it pleased him to be called by women and diplomats—was perfectly impassible. Dressed in plain evening clothes, with the ribbon and star of the Legion of Honour, he would have passed anywhere else for a short, pale, insignificant man, inclined to stoutness, bearing a kindly but cold expression, or rather a want of any expression at all, had it not been for a singularly veiled look in the eyes, a look that wandered vaguely from the person he was addressing to the person beyond, and a line between

the eyebrows that deepened occasionally as with a hidden strength of purpose systematically repressed. That night he was neither uneasy or hurried, and there was no shortening of the time allotted to the receptions at the Elysée. Only at twelve, as Captain Biadelli, his *aide-de-camp*, was talking with some friends he had known in Italy, he was unexpectedly called away. A few moments later he returned, to inform his wife—the daughter of Count Casa Bianca—that she would have to go home alone, as the Prince President was keeping all his suite for a game at lansquenet in his private rooms.

What the game of chance proved to be, what use was made of the small hours of that night, became apparent the next morning. Louis Napoleon, so quiet only the evening before, had accomplished his *coup d'état*. He had dissolved the National Assembly, decreed that the executive power should be vested for ten years in the head of the State, and fixed the general elections for the 14th of the month. From early dawn the streets of Paris were swarming with troops ; many Generals

had been arrested before daybreak—Cavaignac at No. 2, Rue du Helder, Changarnier in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré; Thiers was a prisoner, and with the others conveyed to Vincennes on the plea—the same for all—that they had conspired against the President. Paris had been placed in state of siege, the circulation of citizens was only permitted on certain conditions. Louis Napoleon passed several regiments in review, assuring himself of their fidelity; the faubourgs remained comparatively calm during the first stupor of surprise; some meetings of deputies were dispersed by the troops. The soldiers who had lined the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré and guarded the approaches of the Elysée, fell back at nightfall upon the Champs Elysées and the Place de la Concorde, where the cavalry was massed. On the following day the Red Republicans rallied in the Faubourg St. Antoine, a barricade was erected, promptly carried by the soldiery, two representatives of the people were killed, and the signal for hand-to-hand encounters given. Most of the shops were closed throughout the city, and the sound of

firing heard irregularly, but incessantly. The Prince riding out of the Elysée was implored by Prince Murat to put on a coat-of-mail under his uniform before affronting the populace; with his inscrutable calm he briefly asked, "Do any of you wear one?" and on being answered in the negative, he said, "Well then!" and rode on, fully a horse's length ahead of his *Etat-major*.

On Thursday, December 4th, when hopes were entertained that no further bloodshed need be apprehended, a breath of panic swept over Paris; at three o'clock fighting began in real earnest on the Boulevards and the booming of ordnance struck terror in the hearts of the trembling *bourgeois*. The more brutal and inhuman features of a revolution became conspicuous; barricades were attacked and defended with incredible ferocity; ten misguided wretches, hoping to excite the worst passions of the mob, parodied the most hideous scenes of '93, parading the streets with corpses on which flaring torches cast a lurid light. The police at last succeeded in wrenching the bodies from them, and placing them in the Morgue.

The constabulary throughout those trying days behaved with exemplary courage and discretion, devoting themselves entirely to the protection of private property and isolated individuals unwittingly dragged into the conflict. The hands of the police were full, for the gun-shops were plundered, as also the wine and bread-shops. The tallest and deepest barricade, as had been the case in '48, was raised at the Porte St. Denis ; however, it was taken without a long resistance, but not without serious loss of life on both sides. The troops were authorized to shoot whoever was seized weapons in hand ; they were also allowed to enter any house from the windows of which the soldiers had been fired upon ; and in the immense Paris buildings with their numerous floors and crowded inhabitants more than one innocent victim had to pay for the dastardly act of an individual discharging his gun on the passing regiments behind a Venetian blind, and picking out the officers as they marched past. On the 5th of December the provinces and the large towns were still quiet ; the effervescence of the capital

had subsided, and Paris being guarded by 100,000 men, loyal as yet to the President, it was supposed that the worst of the revolution was over.

As far as the provinces were concerned these anticipations were doomed to disappointment, and ere long the papers teemed with the account of scenes of such brutality that Paris was thrilled with shame and horror, and applauded unanimously at the energetic and stern measures of repression taken by the President against "the Red."

The extent of the mischief done by the conflict in the streets of Paris was more accurately gauged on the first Sunday after the *coup d'état*, when peace being restored and traffic once more free from danger, crowds wandered up and down the Boulevards staring at the shattered glass, the broken doors, the damaged stone-work, and the round indentations of bullets on the walls. The real danger the city had run, thus revealed, at first caused a deep impression, but the French, whom Henri Heine so aptly called "*les comédiens ordinaires du bon Dieu*," almost immediately began

to consider a visit to the scene of bloodshed and devastation as a party of pleasure, flocking to the important spots with their wives and children provided with baskets of edibles as for a picnic in the fields.

Not long after, the suffrage of seven millions of votes proclaimed Prince Louis Napoleon President of the Republic for ten years, and not twelve months later the same unanimous applause greeted his conversion of that name into the title of Emperor. On the 1st of January, 1859, a *Te Deum* was sung in solemn state at the Cathedral of Notre Dame to celebrate the event, and Prince Louis Napoleon kneeling on the steps asked and received the blessing of the Archbishop of Paris, who followed by all his clergy came to receive him at the doors.

In those days, Mademoiselle Rachel was the accepted queen of the Comédie Française—her principal parts were *Adrienne Lecouvreur* and *Phèdre*; in both she played to enthusiastic audiences, and even galvanized into life the dull

poetical drama of *Diane* by Emile Angier. The *fin connaisseurs* of scenic art, the critics and judges of the stalls, minutely discussed the merits of the *tragédienne*, her voice, her walk, her attitudes, the inimitable draping of her classic robes, and the fierce passion of her interpretation. Even then she was destroying her health with alcohol; she never left the stage between the acts of a piece without having recourse to fresh stimulant in some fiery liquor, and to this fatal habit was ascribed the growing harshness of her tones.

France claimed a proprietorship in Rachel as she has annexed Leopold Robert, Candolle, and Cherbuliez. Like the painter, the naturalist, and the novelist, Mademoiselle Rachel was a Swiss. Felix was the name of her family; the father was a Jewish pedlar, the brother an itinerant player, herself a child earning a precarious existence by singing hoarsely and out of tune for a few sous in second-class *cafés*. She owed all her stage success to Regnier, the eminent actor of the Théâtre Français, who discovered her, taught her, and made her what she became. In that very

play of *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, so often in the bills in 1850-54, Scribe attempted in the pathetic part of Michonnet to record the devotion of the dramatic teacher to his pupil. Rachel with all her acquired talent had no soul, no imagination, no inborn genius, but she had an intense and rare faculty of assimilation and comprehension. She could not unaided have "created" a part, but she could realize the intention suggested to her by a skilful master beyond her instructor's most radiant hopes, and in a way to astonish him. Half the clever men of those days were in love with Rachel; it is doubtful if she ever reciprocated any affection. The Israelitish blood in her veins made her more keen on practical gain than on ideal sentiment.

A few years before, after 1848, she was on a tour in the provinces of France, and at the close of each of her performances she sang, or rather shouted, the Marseillaise wrapped in the folds of a tricolour flag. She seemed the incarnation of patriotism, the angel of revolutions; her heavy brow and burning eyes lent a magic incantation

to the intense words of Rouget de Lisle, but she felt nothing; she "did" the Marseillaise because her manager, who was paid to electrify the southern populations by the strains of the insurgent hymn, had told her that it would be a hit, and she almost wondered that it was so. She went to Switzerland. On the steamer plying on the lake between Geneva and Lausanne, she sat the whole four hours that the passage lasted, in the close saloon of the boat, playing lansquenet and drinking champagne with Count Castelmagno, secretary of the Sardinian legation and his friends, never once lifting her eyes to the magnificent scenery of lake, mountain, and valleys past which the steamer glided; Mont Blanc itself did not win a look from the woman who could hurl the imprecations of Camille or the denunciations of Phèdre with such passionate intensity that they literally curdled the blood of her audience.

Sarah Bernhardt, only a tall, thin girl, with enormous eyes, ruddy, tumbled hair, a large mouth and an incomparable voice, had just made her mark. No one thought very much about her till

she took the Odéon by storm in 1869 on the first night she acted with Berton a play called *le Bâtard*, by Touroude. Even then the more fastidious of the *habitués* of the second Théâtre Français shook their heads, saying, "Talent no doubt, but no stamina, no tradition, too much inspiration—'*un déjeuner de soleil*.'" They soon had to reverse their opinion, for it is on Sarah Bernhardt, and on her only, that the mantle of Rachel has descended; it weighed too heavily on the shoulders of others who had attempted to wear it, albeit they looked stronger than those of the frail young Jewess. Sarah, like Rachel, had the energy, activity, and suppleness of the Semetic race; like Rachel, she has seen at her feet the best and greatest men of her day, none perhaps so worthy of at least her pity as poor Gustave Doré; unlike Rachel, her heart or her senses have frequently spoken, but she had the fickle temperament which is unsusceptible of durable feelings, and is at once the characteristic and the bane of genius. Her caprice has ever wandered from the throne to the gutter, from the artist to the mountebank, from

the husband of to-day to the lover of to-morrow. *La Charmeuse à la Voix d'Or* has the feline cruelty of the panthers and lion cubs she caresses, also their supple grace and dangerous attractions. She has every talent and an indomitable energy; the word *impossible* does not exist in her vocabulary, save to urge her to greater efforts. Pierre Berton, who is associated with the two greatest of her triumphs, *Fedora* and *La Tosca*, is the son of the Berton who acted with her at the Odéon when she asserted herself for the first time as a great artist.

Without exception the most beautiful woman of the second Empire was the Countess de Castiglione, a Piedmontese lady of rank. For those who remember her during the brilliant period of Napoleon's reign, she must ever remain the ideal type of perfect female loveliness. Not any of the famous beauties whose features have been reproduced by the greatest painters ancient or modern, or within the last twenty years made familiar by photography under the unsavoury name of "professional belles," ever rivalled the fair Italian, whose superb indolence appeared

unconscious of the admiring gaze fixed upon her whenever she showed herself in public. This indifference was part of a *rôle* she enacted, for at heart none of her worshippers could have a deeper cult of her person than she had herself. She was the daughter of the Marchese Olduini, a Sardinian nobleman, who for a very long time was secretary to the Piedmontese Legation at St. Petersburg. From her earliest girlhood, already perfect in face and form, she seemed devoid of the ordinary feminine tastes, aspirations, or failings. Silent, reserved, abstracted, Sphinx-like in her calm and resolute repose, she was odd and wayward in her habits, and never thwarted in any of them. She rose when it suited her, turned night into day, did not recognize the value or ordinance of time, had her meals served to her alone and at all hours, for her adoring father gave her a separate staff of servants (including a man-cook), who had strict orders to obey her in everything. She married quite young a connection of hers, Count Castiglione, Equerry of King Victor Emmanuel, very good-looking, a splendid rider, but of whom it was

whispered that he had the *mal occhio* or evil-eye. She had one child, and expressed herself strongly upon the criminality of allowing maternity to impair in any way the most beautiful work of creation—a lovely woman. She declared that never again would she submit to such an offence against the canons of art, and never forgave her husband for having exposed her to that indignity; she disliked the son who had been the disturbing consequence of her marriage, and only saw him on sufferance. Count Castiglione had run through two fortunes, and made away with a couple of goodly heritages; his wife, indifferent to the caprices of fortune, dwelt in her pretty villa near Turin, like some cold goddess or marble statue placed on an altar. Absorbed in the contemplation of her perfections, she seemed incapable of warm passions, of love, jealousy, or envy. She never received but one of her admirers at a time; if several came together they were by her orders shown to separate rooms till the moment arrived of being ushered into her presence, and whatever their position they were content to *faire anti*

chambre. The sanctuary or boudoir of the Countess was small ; the deity of the temple would, according to her fancy, attire herself in quaint costumes of different epochs, sometimes in pure white, sometimes in sable robes ; she would lie on a couch, the light artistically disposed around her, and hardly open her lips ; when a lover more audacious than the rest upbraided her for being so cold and refusing to grant any favour in exchange for the passion she fanned, she smiled and answered, " You can look at me, is that not enough ? " and perhaps—if in a lenient mood—she would let her white fingers rest for a moment on his arm. What would have been in any other woman the most insufferable conceit, was in her so essentially the essence of her nature that it brought immunity with it. Men remained her friends, either because she had given them no right to become her enemies, or because they accepted her on her own conditions. The Prince de La Tour d'Auvergne, the sceptical and witty French Minister at Turin, was her faithful partisan ; he had two miles of road cleared of the snow to enable his horses to take him to her suburban villa

on the river during a severe winter, and his smile when he spoke of her was both mysterious and indulgent. When she tired of that self-adoring life she went to Paris, and became the favourite of the Imperial city. The Emperor made no secret of his ardent admiration for Countess Castiglione; he visited her frequently, and more than once had *tête-à-tête* suppers with her on *Homard à l'Americaine*, his favourite dish, prepared by an old *cordons bleus* expert in the delicacies of the cuisine. A mounted messenger would announce his coming a few hours before the time, and his reception was mysterious and discreet. But Napoleon III. disguised his *penchant* so little that it aroused even the susceptibility of the Empress, who was habitually coldly careless of her Consort's distractions. At a *bal costumé* at the Tuileries the Countess, insolently beautiful in a fanciful dress supposed to represent the Queen of Hearts, hung on the arm of the Emperor, who led her through the rooms. Her audacious drapery lifted over a perfect limb was caught high above the knee by a jewelled heart. The Emperor stopped before the Empress to allow his companion

to make her obeisance, and annoyed by the coldness of Eugenie, remarked pointedly, "Do you not admire the costume of the Countess?" "Exceedingly," answered the Empress, whose Spanish blood asserted itself, for turning towards the proud beauty, she added, "*Vous mettez votre cœur bien bas, Madame.*" The Emperor bit his moustache and moved away. Others had heard, but Madame de Castiglione showed no signs of emotion or annoyance. Eventually, when rumour had been ostentatiously busy with her name, her husband forbade her ever to return to Piedmont. Prince Joseph Poniatowsky managed her slender resources, Rothschild put her in for every good thing, but with the fall of the Empire she dropped out of the ken of the great world. It had always been her purpose not to survive—socially at least—any deterioration which advancing years might bring to her resplendent charms.

In the early days of the second empire Count Ferdinand de Lesseps was a singularly young-looking man for his years, and would certainly not have been given his age of forty-eight. He

was spare and active, with short, dark hair and a thick, black moustache, sociable and discursive, fond of ladies' company, a great favourite with them, and if he paid an evening call to his particular friends would stop till late in the night talking with all the fire and volubility of a Frenchman, and yet with a strange earnestness. He would work out a drawing-room puzzle with as much zeal as if he were cutting through a continent, or still devoting himself to protect the life and property of his countrymen as when he filled the post of Consul in Barcelona in 1842. A year later he drew up his celebrated "*Mémorial du Percement de l'Isthme de Suez*," and almost compelled the Viceroy of Egypt to grant his Firman for beginning the works in 1856. A few days only after the solemn inauguration of the Canal, when he received the congratulations of the Emperor of Austria and Empress of the French, who with an illustrious assemblage had come to witness the greatest triumph of modern engineering, he married a very young creole who had captivated him in Paris. Mademoiselle Autard de Bragard had one

day felt an unconquerable desire to consult Desbarolles, the famous French wizard, the oracle of all adepts in palmistry, who look upon him as their unerring master. She went to see him, and while he was poring over her little hand asked abruptly—"Whom shall I marry?" Desbarolles replied unhesitatingly—"A man whose position will be the envy and admiration of the world." "What! a millionaire? a prince? a king?" said the young girl breathlessly. "Better and higher than any potentate!" continued the seer. Two years afterwards Mlle. de Bragard became Countess de Lesseps, and found in her sexagenarian husband an ardent lover, the idol of France, and the originator of the most successful undertaking of the century.

Mademoiselle le Normand was Desbarolles' rival in the black arts and the gifts of prophecy; she was quite as frequently consulted by Parisians and foreigners as he was. Her first great hit as a fortune-teller was made in 1846 in London, at the house of Lady Blessington. At one of her ultra-literary receptions the hostess introduced to her guests a young French lady just arrived, who had

been recommended to her by a friend abroad. Lady Blessington, having been made aware of the extraordinary aptitude for divination possessed by Mlle. le Normand, begged her at the close of the evening to give a sample of her powers. She demurred at first, but on being strongly urged consented to tell three fortunes. Lady Blessington brought three gentlemen to her in succession. To the first she said—"Your life will be a lucky and a happy one, you will die old and without pain; on one occasion you and one of your children will miraculously escape destruction." To the second she spoke as follows—"It seems incredible, but I would address you in the words of Shakespeare, 'Thou shalt be king!' Yes, sir, you will reign." But after gazing in the palm of the third, the young girl grew deadly pale, shivered, and dropped the hand she held. Recovering herself with an effort, she said hurriedly—"I see nothing worth recording in your hand," and drew back. However, before leaving the house that night she asked to see Lady Blessington alone, and implored her to beware of that third

stranger and not receive him any more ; “ he will commit murder,” she added shudderingly, “ and be sentenced to death.”

The first of the three men was Charles Dickens, who in 1864, returning from abroad, happened to be in the terrible railway accident of Staplehurst, and escaped unhurt ; afterwards the MS. of *Our Mutual Friend*, the child of his brain, was found in a little hand-bag among the *débris*, and miraculously returned to him unharmed.

The second man was Prince Louis Napoleon, who had not long before made his escape from the fortress of Ham in the disguise of a workman, gained the Belgian frontier with the assistance of Doctor Conneau, and taken refuge in England.

The third was Wainwright, then a promising painter, who ended by killing his wife under circumstances of revolting cruelty ; he was condemned to death, but his sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life.

Before her marriage the Empress Eugenie consulted Mlle. le Normand, but she never would tell any one what her horoscope had been.

A couple of months before the *coup d'état* a man died quietly in Paris whose name had once rung throughout the world, and whose strangely romantic career recalled the most extravagant conceptions of Spanish legends and fables. Manuel Alcudia, afterwards Duke Godoï and Prince of the Peace, started in life with no other fortune than his remarkable beauty and an equally remarkable musical talent; he entered the body-guard of King Charles IV. of Spain, and won the personal favour not only of the monarch but of his consort, and from that moment rose with rapid strides to the highest honours. Opportunities for distinguishing himself abounded, and he knew how to avail himself of them; he signed the treaty of Badajoz—that city by a singular coincidence being his birthplace—and assumed the command of the Spanish forces. When at the zenith of his power, Godoï became impatient of the French alliance, and secretly conspired with the Court of Lisbon to shake it off. His machinations were discovered, and when in 1808 Napoleon resolved to get rid of the Bourbons, the Prince, notwithstanding his

exalted position, very nearly met with a common traitor's death. He was made a prisoner, and had the expected trial taken place he would certainly not have escaped with his life, but Napoleon, fully aware of his influence over the King and Queen of Spain, liberated him and sent him to Bayonne where their Majesties then resided. Before these events Godoi's fortune amounted to five million of piastres (one million pounds); his palace in the Calle Alcala was the largest and finest in Madrid, and he kept a semi-regal state. Banished and dispossessed, he was seen in 1830 living in Paris on a small pension granted to him by Louis Philippe; but in 1837 he was once more authorized to return to Spain; his titles were restored to him, and with them his estates, his houses, and the greater portion of his fortune. The Prince de la Paz in the later years of his life did not give the impression of being a very clever man. The general expression of his face was weak, he was reserved and habitually silent, but even in old age he had retained the regularity of feature and uprightness of carriage which had

been the salient characteristics of his beauty, and ever and anon there flashed under his drooping lids a gleam of the energy which had made him the champion and pacificator of Spain. Gratitude, or the force of long habit, of associations formed during many weary years of exile, often brought him back to Paris, and it was on one of these visits that he softly breathed his last at the ripe age of eighty-four.

IV.

Spain—Queen Isabella—Her Marriage—Maundy Thursday—
The Queen's habits—Audiences—The Queen-Mother—
Rianzarès—Grandeess—Second of May in Madrid.

THE first child of Queen Isabella of Spain did not live, and it was laid out in solemn state on a tall, open catafalque in a *chapelle ardente* for several days. The grandeess of Spain, the aristocracy and the people were allowed to pass before the little corpse, across which the broad blue ribbon of the Order of Carlos III. lay ; tall halberdiers in historical costumes guarded the pale infant, on whose forehead a livid discolouration was visible. Many said that the baby had been still-born, but to appease the susceptibilities of the devout Spaniards it was given out that on account of the difficulties attending the birth, the heir to the Spanish throne had been baptized while still in his mother's womb.

Six years afterwards, as the Queen was going in great pomp to the Sanctuary of Atocha in the Prado, to return thanks according to custom for the birth of Don Alfonso, she was stabbed by the priest Merino. Clad in her magnificent robes of State, preceded by her guards, followed immediately by the Asturian nurse carrying the royal baby, and behind him by her whole court, the Queen suddenly saw a man in clerical garb pierce the crowd, and kneeling at her side raise a folded paper aloft. Believing it to be a petition, she extended her bare arm to take it, when the infatuated priest with a sudden movement plunged a dagger in her flesh. He had aimed at her heart, but her kindly gesture caused the steel to glance aside. The Queen's first thought was for her child. "*El Niño!*" she exclaimed, and then fell back half-fainting into the arms of the Camerera-major. Merino was at once arrested; the police had great difficulty in protecting him against the infuriated populace and taking him alive to jail. The motive of the crime was not clearly ascertained. Merino refused to give the explanation of his act or to name his accomplices

if he had any ; he was condemned to death. Isabella pleaded for a commutation of the sentence, but in vain ; and after the Spanish mode of capital punishment he was garrotted, an attempt against the life of the sovereign ranking as parricide.

The Queen, as a token of gratitude for her miraculous escape, made a gift to the Virgin of Atocha of all the robes and jewels she had worn on that day, and the statue of the Madonna on the little altar is decked with them on certain religious festivals.

Without any claims to beauty, the young sovereign of Spain had, in the days following her marriage with her cousin, Don Francesco d'Assisi, a pleasing expression of kindness and good-nature. She was neither the Messalina nor the fool which it suited the different parties in Spain and abroad to represent her. With all the hampering disadvantages of her childhood and early youth, she had somehow contrived to pick up a fair amount of instruction and superficial knowledge, of the kind which seems to come naturally to those born and reared near a throne. She spoke French and

German as fluently as Spanish, and understood English fairly well. It was not in the nature of things that having been in turn the toy and tool of Espartero, the Queen-mother, Narvaez, and O'Donnell, she should have acquired the conscious dignity and self-respect appertaining to her high estate. The little Queen of three had known more of revolutions than of Court etiquette ; in the troubled times after her father's death, and during the Regency of Queen Marie Christine, between 1834 and 1839, the child's very life had been several times in danger. Once when the bullets of the rebels were flying around the Palace, she had to be placed in the narrow space separating the windows in order to avoid the deadly missiles flying in at either side. She was a brave and courageous little thing, docile and obedient, her bravery being of that stolid quality which remains ignorant of danger. When she grew up to maidenhood, Espartero—the Regent, who lived in constant opposition to the Queen-mother—did not scruple to give the young girl favourites, hoping through the influence of her lovers to maintain his credit and affirm his sway.

In spite of these odious intrigues she remained wonderfully childish and *naïve*, and so far innocent that she had no real consciousness of wrong-doing. When at last Marie Christine was banished the kingdom and Espartero was defeated by Narvaez, the majority of Isabella was proclaimed, and an era of independence seemed opening before her ; but in 1845, her mother returning to Spain, she arranged the marriage of the Queen with the son of Don Francesco de Paule, her maternal grand-uncle—a sorry family to enter into for any bride. Her father-in-law was weak in intellect, grotesque in appearance ; her husband's younger brother so decidedly an idiot that he required the constant attendance of a keeper. When he was not absolutely unpresentable he was allowed to show for an hour or two at the Court balls, but he managed to escape, and has been seen by the guests diligently pulling off the tacks of the stair-carpets with his nails and teeth. The King was undoubtedly the least objectionable in point of mind ; in looks he was short, fair, inclined to stoutness, with curly hair and blue eyes—not an ugly face on the whole,

but spoiled by a painfully weak chin and a high, falsetto voice. The whole branch of his family despoiled themselves to present the Queen as a bridal present with a magnificent set of pearls which was an heirloom of theirs, and which has since formed the most noticeable and valuable of her many *parures* of jewels. Queen Isabella was particularly fond of pearls ; her pink and black ones are said to be unique in Europe, and the white ones have never been matched in size and beauty save by the single row given to Princess Victoria by Frederick William of Prussia on her wedding-day.

Isabella had passively, even contentedly, consented to her marriage, but when she met the Duc de Montpensier, her sister Luisa's bridegroom, who arrived in Madrid a short time before the day appointed for the double ceremony, she began to think that the French Prince was more like the husband she had dreamt of. She was then still so unsophisticated and unworldly wise that she seriously contemplated the possibility of exchanging *fiancés* with Doña Luisa. She petitioned for this to be done, and the impracticability of the suggestion was

the origin of the coolness which sprung up between herself and her sister, and resulted in the quasi-exile of the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier to Seville, where they spent nearly the whole of their time.

The Queen was fond of amusement, and more than fond of dancing. During the Carnival, balls succeeded each other with startling rapidity at the Palace, and she has been known to give two—one in fancy dress—in four days. She was always late, and dancing did not begin till she had made her appearance. Once, when the long-delayed arrival of a costume from Paris, and changes necessary at the last moment had delayed her till nearly midnight, she sent a message to the ball-room bidding the guests commence to dance, adding that she knew how tantalizing it must be to be kept waiting. Stout as she was, she was a light and graceful dancer, and fully entered into the spirit of the exercise; it was a constant source of regret to her that so much free space was always respectfully given to her and her partner. "Do tell the gentlemen you are going to dance with," she said to a girl she always treated with kind

familiarity, "to push up against me—as the other couples do—it must be such fun to be jostled."

Late hours were habitual to the Queen; she found it impossible to rise before the afternoon was well advanced; she breakfasted when others dined, drove out till dark, dined at midnight, and retired to rest after four *a.m.* She had obtained from the Pope a dispensation as regards the canonical hour of hearing mass. In one church of Madrid, that of the Puerto del Sol, the service was allowed to be at two *p.m.*, and still it was with the greatest difficulty that the Queen managed to get there in time for the Gospel. The officiating priest was bound to ascend the altar-steps before the clock struck two, and well aware how distressed Her Majesty would be if she missed the service, he would proceed with it as slowly as he could—not a Spanish habit by any means—till the welcome sound of the halberdiers' pikes on the flags told him that the Queen had entered the church. She was pious and devout like all her nation; she scrupulously observed the forms of religion, and conformed to the old established way of practising

them. If when driving through the streets she met a priest and his acolytes preceded by a bell-ringer and candle-bearers, carrying the Viaticum to a death-bed, she immediately alighted, requested the priest to take her place in her carriage, and followed on foot to the house of the sick person, be it ever so poor and humble, waiting till the religious office was over before driving on again.

On Maundy Thursday she washed the feet of the poor.

This ceremony was always accomplished with great pomp at the Royal Palace; the Diplomatic Corps, the Ministers of State, and the grandees of Spain being present in their allotted places. The attendance was fraught with some discomfort, for on Holy Thursday, in Spain, wet or fine, not a single vehicle drawn by horses is allowed to circulate, so that ladies in Court-dress and satin slippers, men in gala uniform, young and old, had to walk the streets, with their sharp, rough paving stones, from their houses to the Palace, sometimes a considerable distance, and holding, as the case might be, an umbrella or a parasol over their bare heads.

The ceremony proceeds as follows : Twelve male and twelve female paupers are selected, seated on forms, turning their backs to the long tables at which they are afterwards supposed to dine, and which present as bare and unfurnished an appearance as that in Leonardo da Vinci's *Last Supper*. The Queen superbly attired, the regal diadem on her head, sparkling with diamonds, a towel fastened round her gem-embroidered robes, slowly approaches the file of paupers, beginning with the women, and kneeling before each she touches one naked foot with a sponge taken from a golden vessel filled with water presented to her by a chamberlain, wipes it with a cloth handed her by another official, and passes on to do the same office twenty-four times. Other members of the Court assist the paupers to resume their shoes and stockings, and when the whole round is completed they are invited to turn on their forms, and the feeding of the hungry begins. A long double chain is formed by the courtiers, extending from the kitchens to the Queen, and back again from the kitchens ; each of the twelve dishes to which each pauper is entitled is

placed by Her Majesty's own hands before him or her, removed at once untouched, sent away and deposited in large baskets to become his property, either to be carried away with an added bottle of wine, or exchanged there and then for a fixed sum of money. In addition to this the twenty-four paupers on whom the selection falls receive a complete suit of new clothes, a bounty in silver, and the less appreciated advantage of a series of preliminary baths. As they are generally very old this unaccustomed luxury has frequently proved fatal. It is a lengthy and very exhausting function for the principal actor, especially taking into consideration that the Queen has previously assisted at a full religious service, but she always went through it with smiling patience, and no touch of weariness in face or gesture.

When the first railway was laid down between Madrid and the royal residence of Aranjuez, twenty-eight miles from the capital, it was decided that the Queen should open the line in state and take the inauguration trip. She looked upon it as so bold and perilous an undertaking that she

heard Mass and took the Sacrament before starting ; she was accompanied by her chaplain, and said her beads during the whole journey. Travelling by rail was altogether such a novel and unheard-of experience in Spain, that in the Cortès it was seriously proposed that in view of possible accidents a squadron of horse should escort the Queen to her destination ! With their national admiration for the bull, the Spaniards were extremely gratified when it was ascertained that the only animal—including the natives—who had not fled in terror before the roar of the engine and the rattle of the train, was the *toro*, who stood gravely staring after it.

Queen Isabella did not at first realize what sacrifices the rigorous etiquette of Castilian court customs expected of her ; she had not been inured to it in her almost Bohemian childhood, and it took her some time to comprehend that the sovereign power at last vested in her hands did not imply unlimited liberty and free volition. She was constantly infringing the rules—thus she insisted upon going to certain masked balls of a very mixed character

held in the Calle de Correos, and fancied herself unknown because she wore a mask and a domino, while her unmistakable figure and undisguised voice at once revealed her identity. Another time she had gathered around her a giddy and noisy *coterie* of both sexes, and fallen into the habit of prolonging undignified revels till far into the small hours of the night. On one occasion the frolic became so fast and furious, so wild and unrestrained, that Don Francesco, the King, roused from his slumbers, determined to use the right of interference conceded to him by his functions of Mayor of the Palace. He appeared upon the scene, and in virtue of his authority dispersed the guests, pronouncing at the same time an edict of temporary banishment against the principal offenders, and bowing before the Queen, departed. Isabella had enough self-command not to dispute a verdict which she knew it was in her husband's official powers to give; she rose, signed her companions to withdraw, and retired to her own apartments, but the next day she deposed Don Francesco from the post to which she had herself appointed him.

Among the *habituées* of the Queen's private receptions was Mercedes Casa Valencia, a lovely creole-looking girl, who married le Chevalier Beyens, Belgian Attaché, and afterwards through the protection of the Empress of the French, her friend, got him appointed to the Legation in Paris, where he has so long been a Minister. Both husband and wife were constantly seen at the famous and much-maligned *Jeudis de l'Imperatrice* at the Tuileries.

The irrepressible unconsciousness of the Queen of Spain sometimes prompted her to less injudicious actions, and brought to light the more amiable sides of her character. When in 1850 the great fire broke out in Madrid, which raged for seven days and nights in a poor but populous quarter of the city, beggaring hundreds of families and rendering them houseless, she was unremitting in her endeavours to assuage their sufferings. After giving large sums of money and drawing to the uttermost limits on the public and her private purse, she offered to sell her jewels, and on being told they were mostly Crown property, she suggested parting

with several Murillos of the National Gallery which she knew would fetch a long price. When again informed that this was an equally impossible transaction, she exclaimed, with tears in her eyes, "You say I am Queen of Spain, and yet nothing in Spain seems to be mine; it is monstrous that I should have pictures and diamonds, and that my people should starve."

Isabella, who signed all her official documents with the old formula, *Io la Reyna*, was not faultless nor blameless even in those days, but she had many redeeming qualities, and none so prominent as her kindness of heart and absence of pride and jealousy. She constitutionally disliked the bull-fights, and was only prevailed to assist at a Corrida when her absence would have marred the enjoyment of the people on great public occasions and festivities; she would then come to her Royal box, throw the key of the corral down to the alguazils, and brace herself for the coming spectacle. On the day when the little Prince of Asturias, then three months old, was according to custom taken for the first time in state to the *Plaza de Toros*,

his mother's face wore a pained, constrained smile. The heir reclining in the arms of the wet nurse in her gorgeous national costume, rippling coral beads and gold ornaments, was held up every now and then to the ten thousand spectators, who divided their rapturous applause between the baby Infante and the bold feats of their favourite Espadas, Cuchillo and El Chiclanero, spurred to more audacity and skill by the Royal presence.

The Queen-mother, Marie Christine, was once again on excellent terms with her daughter; she had her own palace, her own court, state, and receptions, all on a very magnificent scale. She did not however give her audiences in the same fashion as the Queen. When the latter appointed a special reception for a Spaniard or foreigner of distinction, the person thus honoured would receive an intimation thereof from the Camerera-mayor if a lady—from the Master of Ceremonies if a gentleman, and present her or himself at the Palace at the stated hour, which was generally a late one. The visitor was then made to wait in a long gallery hung with splendid pictures and paved in rare

marbles, but so imperfectly lighted that he could not appreciate their merits. Presently at the furthest end a small procession appeared; two pages walking backwards, carrying tall bronze candlesticks with burning wax candles that threw alternate shadows and rays on the walls as they passed, preceded a lady clad in walking costume with a mantilla over her head, who followed by two other ladies and a gentleman moved silently up the gallery, acknowledging with a slight inclination the respectful salutations of the few persons present, and vanished with her escort through folding-doors guarded by soldiers. It was the Queen returning from her evening drive; a few minutes later the Camerera-mayor approached the lady, young or old, about to be presented, whispered hurriedly, "Her Majesty expects you—enter there," pointing to another door; "don't forget the three curtseys," and left her. A chamberlain drew near, and preceding the visitor opened the door just indicated, ushered her in, giving her full name, and retreated, closing the door behind her, while she remained alone in an

apartment so small that it seemed almost an impossibility to comply with the recommendation of the treble curtsy, especially as the first had to be dropped on entering, the second half-way, and the third on reaching the Queen. Divested of her mantilla, Her Majesty stood near a broad malachite-topped table supporting a heavy bronze inkstand and seals; in silence she bent her head, looking sometimes a little amused at the embarrassment and awkwardness of the obeisances, but not unkindly so, and then entered into conversation. She had ever an apposite or graceful remark ready. If she received a foreigner she would speak of her country; if one who had been some time a resident in Madrid, inquire whether she spoke the language, and then with a pleased approbation continue the interview in Spanish. She was affable and perfectly unaffected, and with the proud happiness of a young mother would speak naïvely of her child. The audience lasted from five to fifteen minutes; the Queen intimated that it was ended by again bowing her head; the visitor retreating found the door open mysteriously, and the same

chamberlain ready to escort her back into the gallery, and then apparently forget her very existence.

Queen Marie Christine gave her audiences in a modern, elegantly furnished drawing-room, and unlike her daughter received several members of the same family together. Seated herself on a sofa, she motioned them to take chairs opposite to her, and talked as any ordinary hostess would. She was a very stout woman, with black hair and eyes, and an easy, agreeable manner; her smile was dazzling and very sweet, but a physiognomist would not have been puzzled to discover in her expression a spirit of intrigue and covert ambition.

Queen Isabella behaved dutifully and generously towards her mother in the matter of her second strange marriage; she treated her low-born step-father with constant civility, and his children as brothers and sisters.

The tall, handsome Muñoz was a common soldier; he had been selected for his fine stature to be one of the guard of honour posted beside the coffin of Ferdinand VII. when it lay in state

in the cathedral. Even during the funeral ceremony the widow is said to have remarked Muñoz, and inquired who he was ; he rose almost at once to the rank of sergeant. A few years later, as the Queen-mother was driving from Madrid to Aranjuez, one of the leaders took fright, maddened the other horses, and an accident seemed inevitable, when a man of the escort flinging himself from his charger threw himself at the head of the rearing brutes and mastered them. Christine recognized the watcher at her husband's coffin and her *protégé* ; seeing at the same time a few drops of blood trickling from his forehead, she drew forth her own handkerchief, and with it staunched the wound. When Muñoz was asked what was to be the reward of his bravery, he only craved permission to keep the Queen's handkerchief. This modesty was a masterpiece of diplomacy ; he was rapidly promoted, made excellent use of his opportunities ; on several occasions conveyed to the Queen-mother that her handkerchief lay always next to his heart ; and, in short, the deep interest she had conceived for him grew

so rapidly, that after a brief interval of passionate love-making she married him. He was created Duke of Rianzarès, and whatever means he may have employed to achieve his elevation, never made an unworthy use of it. In 1850 he was a fine, gentlemanly, reserved, intelligent-looking man, with a bald forehead, black moustache, superb eyes, and a striking figure among the unplastic grandees of Spain. They all disliked him, not from any offence he gave them, but for his sudden coming into their midst. In official functions, although the husband of the Queen-mother, he walked behind all the other *Grands d'Espagne*; not a fact to be wondered at, if it is remembered that the Spanish nobility is so strict on the questions of precedence that the son ranks before the father, as he has had more ancestors. At the balls and court receptions Rianzarès always appeared on excellent terms with Queen Isabella; she gave portions and titles to her two pretty half-sisters, one of whom, the Countess Vista Alegre, married, in '55, Prince Czartorisky, and died young. The Prince's second wife is Princesse Marguerite d'Orleans, daughter of the

Duc de Nemours, and they inhabit the splendid old Hôtel Lambert in the Isle St. Louis, in Paris.

If some of the more antiquated customs of the old Spanish nobility on questions of prerogative and precedence have fallen into disuse of late years, there are others to which they cling pertinaciously and with fervour. Thus the Dukes of Híjar claim the possession of all the robes worn by a Spanish sovereign at his coronation, and own in consequence the most splendid and complete collection of those vestments, which they consider, not unjustly, as a priceless historical heirloom. The Dukes de Frias regularly send in their protestation at the ascension of a new monarch to the throne, reserving by this act the rights which they consider they have to the crown of Spain. They are as a race excessively susceptible; they cannot endure that any judgment should be passed upon them; their pride—which, as the proverb says, will make a hungry hidalgo use a toothpick to make people believe he has dined—is ever in arms against any possible blame, especially from foreigners, whom they fear and distrust.

Madame de Montalto's position, as the wife of the Sardinian Minister in Madrid, was imperilled by the veriest trifle. She was a Belgian by birth, and had written to some friends in Brussels her impressions of the people and country, using after some frank but on the whole harmless criticism the words: "*Les Espagnols n'ont que de la morgue en haillons*" (the Spaniards have only insolent pride in rags). Her correspondent injudiciously repeated the remark; it came to the ears of a Spanish Infanta residing in a Belgian convent, and was through her conveyed back to Madrid, where it elicited fierce indignation. Countess Montijo, among others, never forgave Countess Montalto, and unsparingly vented her displeasure with the liberty of expression that characterized her.

In more ways than one the foreigner was made to feel that he could never quite win the sincere sympathy of the Spaniard. There is an old leaven of irritation, anger, and suspicion which will rise against the stranger, and without taking an active or specially offensive form, yet remains

perceptible, showing itself spasmodically—more vivid at one time against one nation, then again against another. Divided among themselves on so many subjects, the Spaniards unite against a common intruder, and all are that in their eyes who are not born in the Peninsula. On the eve of the 2nd of May, for example, after the lapse of so many years, the bells of all the churches in Madrid still ring out a funeral peal, and the cannon is fired to tell the inhabitants that they must celebrate on the morrow the anniversary of the death of the Spaniards fallen at that date in 1808, and thus protest against the victory obtained by the French. A patriotic *cortége* passes through the streets of the city, wending its way to the Prado, where a monument has been erected “to the victims of the 2nd of May,” and a *funcion* is held—the universal term applied to every gathering, be it a *corrida*, a religious service, a theatrical performance, a public meeting, or a military review. The procession consists of all the paupers of San Bernardino ; of a few charity schools ; of a sprinkling of invalid soldiers ; of three females of advanced

age wearing a medal ; of the *ayuntamiento*, preceded by six mace-bearers in rich red velvet gowns embroidered in gold, under which their muddy boots are inconsistently visible ; and finally, of all the troops of the garrison. It is more than doubtful if either actors or spectators of this melancholy pageant have the faintest idea of the historical event they commemorate ; but tradition has taught the admiring crowds assembled to see it pass that they must testify their execration of the *maldito Frances* by various groans and hisses, even if on the morrow they relapse into complete indifference towards accursed France.

V.

Eugenie Montijo—Her Mother—Her Eccentricities—The Duke d'Ossuna—Baron Bourgoing—Baron Dal Borgo.

COUNTESS MONTIJO and her daughter Eugenie took it exceedingly ill that the Queen of Spain should have selected for the weekly receptions at her Court during the Carnival the very day which they had previously appropriated for their own *at homes*, and to show their displeasure absented themselves from the Palace for a whole season. When they were prevailed upon to relent, and under protest as it were, once more make their appearance at the Court balls, the Countess de Teba during one more winter declined to dance. For several years, ever since she was eighteen, this young girl had been an object of interest, curiosity, speculation, amusement, and criticism for the

Madrilenes. She was a fair, pale, haughty-looking woman; her reputed beauty did not strike a stranger at first sight, for her hair was of too brilliant a red, her eyes too small, and the contour of the chin defective; but, to use a common parlance, she “grew upon you,” and it was impossible after a time not to admit her very real charm. The prevalent fashion of wearing the hair, then called *à la Fuoco*, from a popular ballerine—and which Eugenie had adopted—showed off her noble forehead and delicate temples, and permitted the full play of her mobile and admirably-pencilled eyebrows to show to the best advantage; it may almost be said that the whole expression of her features was centred in those delicate arches, which possessed a singular and penetrating eloquence. A foreigner invited to Carabancel, her mother’s country seat, at a short distance from Madrid, saw her for the first time as she appeared in private theatricals on a mimic stage, dressed entirely in black, half-veiled in a lace mantilla lifted over her left ear by a single scarlet flower, and carrying a book in her clasped hands. Without understanding

a word of Spanish, the stranger fancied he could follow the play by watching the lowering and lifting of those marvellous eyebrows, and it was not till the performance was over that he realized that he had not been assisted by intonation, gesture, or glance. Eugenie Montijo's complexion was a dead white; very rarely did a pale pink blush pass over her colourless cheek; but her pallor was not that of ill-health, and her lips were warmly, richly red. She was admirably formed, looking taller than she really was; her head was beautifully poised on her neck and shoulders, which, like her arms, wrists, and hands, were exquisitely modelled; her mouth was too straight, and she smiled too rarely not to make the defect apparent, and her voice was not musical; but such as she was, she exercised a singular sway over the society of Madrid, a circumstance all the more remarkable that girls were supposed to have no social importance, and to play no part in the world.

Her education had been good, indeed better than the one usually given to Spanish young ladies in her time. Besides her own tongue she spoke

French well, and English perfectly ; her excellent governess, Miss Flower, had not held a sinecure in the Montijo establishment, and had often found it difficult to manage Eugenie and her elder sister, who proved troublesome and insubordinate pupils, although she had inspired them with real regard and affection. Miss Flower remained in the family long after her services were no more needed, and her unmistakably insular face was familiar to the *habitués* of the Plazuela del Angel and at Carabancel, sitting behind the urn at the tea-table.

Countess Montijo, a tall, bony, black-browed and angular matron, was far more loud-spoken than quite became the wife of a Castilian aristocrat ; she had not sufficiently toned down her manners since the days when, as the free and independent daughter of the British Consul Fitz Patrick at Malaga, she attracted and captivated the quiet, timid, red-haired young noble who made her a Spanish Countess. Her temper was violent, her manifestations of it embarrassing. At one of her garden parties at that same villa of Carabancel—a poor country

house anywhere save in the sunburnt plains of Castile—she had decreed that the carriages of the guests should remain stationary in the shadow of a shrubbery somewhat removed from the house, and that the departing visitors instead of being taken up at the door should seek their equipages on foot. The French Minister, Baron de Bourgoing, an elderly man, did not think fit to venture out in the gathering darkness, and ignorant or oblivious of the arrangements, ordered the footman to bring up his landau. It came, but the grinding of the wheels on the gravel had fallen on Madame Montijo's ears; she abruptly left her other guests, flew to the front-door, and seeing the outline of a prohibited carriage, furiously commanded the coachman to return to his appointed place. As the man hesitated, the enraged lady jumped upon the wheel, and clinging to the hammer-cloth began upbraiding him in most injurious terms. Baron de Bourgoing, inexpressibly shocked at the sight of his hostess in so undignified a position, was profuse in his apologies and regrets, but although the carriage-door was actually held open by the

footman, Madame Montijo succeeded in driving back the landau to the shrubbery before the Minister could enter it, and he had to follow it there. Yet she was neither hard nor ungenerous ; many deeds of charity and benevolence have balanced her infirmities of temper, and atoned for the bitterness of her tongue. To no one was she more consistently kind than to the pretty little daughter of Yradier, the popular composer of so many Spanish songs, the prettiest of all *La Habanera*, having been incorporated by Bizet in his opera of *Carmen*. The child, who had inherited her father's musical genius, gave promise of a charming voice. Often in Madame Montijo's drawing-room, when staying in her house for weeks together, she would be placed on a table and warble her father's most characteristic songs ; when she grew up, cleverer and prettier still, but always diminutive, Mlle. Yradier decided to become a Prima Donna, and had a successful *début* at the Havana. There she made the acquaintance of an English doctor, who fell in love with her. She married him, abandoning the stage for ever,

and with him came to England. She settled contentedly in a London suburb, happy between her husband and son, and died not long ago, only a few years after her patroness and friend, Madame Montijo, with whom she always remained in correspondence, and visited on the rare occasions when she returned for a few weeks to her native country. During the last years of her life the Countess was totally blind. She died in Madrid at an advanced age.

Hardly a week ever passed without some fresh anecdote being circulated of which Eugenie Montijo was the heroine. She justified curiosity and courted censure by her disregard of conventionalities, and she certainly possessed the Alcibiadian temperament which craves for notoriety. She wielded her sceptre of Society Queen with no light hand, and her favourites of to-day were discarded by to-morrow's caprice. In her own house she was seen devoting herself for the whole evening to the entertainment of some obscure musician, hanging on his arm, speaking to no one else, and finally dropping the curtains over a

window-recess to which she had led him ; but the following week, if the poor infatuated wretch came confidently back to bask in the intoxicating favour that had bewitched him, he was received with a supercilious arching of the lovely eyebrows ; his idol would look at him as if he were a total stranger, and glide away from him with the coldest inclination of her head. In the same way she attracted General Narvaez, Duke of Valencia,—Espantero's successful rival—in her train, treating the bluff soldier, the able statesman, with bewitching coquetry, so that the little, dark, stern man was as supple in her fingers as the youngest of her "*Pollos*."¹ But when in 1851 the Ministry of which he was a member broke up on account of its financial embarrassments, Mlle. Montijo would have nothing more to say to her old favourite, and in a moment of petulance declared that "if he were to be hung she would go and pull at his feet."

¹ The young men who form the circle of every Spanish woman are called by that name, which literally means *chickens*.

Extravagant in all things, she spent her whole income, derived from the inheritance left to her with her title by the Count de Teba, in dress; she rode without being fond of riding, and affected bravery, although constitutionally timid. Playing with a dagger, and being warned that she might hurt herself, she plunged it into her soft white arm to prove that she was not afraid, and fainted at the sight of the few red drops surging from the not very deep wound. At Carabancel, walking with her usual *cortége* of admirers in the straggling, ill-kept grounds, she came to a shallow canal spanned by a dilapidated bridge. Looking round she exclaimed, "That bridge is rotten, but if I cross it who will follow me?" Receiving no prompt reply, she muttered, "Cowards!" and sprang upon the tottering planks. They gave way; she fell ignominiously into the green, slimy ooze below, and had to be extricated and conveyed home in a pitiable condition. To account for the condition of the stream running through a gentleman's pleasure-garden, it is but fair to say that clear running water is almost unknown in Madrid

and its environs ; the broad bed of the Manzanares is during many months only a pebbly, sandy roadway, holes having to be dug in the damper places to create bathing room for the soldiers of the garrison. The trees of the Prado and Fuente Castellana were surrounded by small trenches, and watered in regular rotation, never more than a dozen or so at a time, to keep them alive, and the few fountains were beleaguered night and day by the water-carriers waiting to fill their little casks at the thin stream flowing from the spouts, in order to replenish the tall earthenware vessels containing the entire supply of water of a Spanish household.

One day Eugenie Montijo was seen leaving the Royal Palace with red eyes after an audience of the Queen. Three versions were current to explain her emotion. Some said she had craved permission to enter a convent ; some that she had begged to be allowed to marry a *torero* of great renown and fine presence ; others that she had implored Isabella to exercise pressure on the Duke d'Ossuna, and insist upon that nobleman's proposing to her. This last interpretation was generally considered

as the most plausible, for Mlle. Montijo had often been heard to declare that she would never give her hand to a man of inferior rank and position to the Duke of Alba y Berwick—lineally descended from James II. and Miss Churchill—who had married her elder sister. Among the grandees of Spain there was no other who could fulfil these conditions and rival her brother-in-law in fortune and ancestry save the Duke d'Ossuna, *Conde Duca* of Olivares, with many other titles. He was a short, fair, and very insignificant little man, with the smallest of hands and feet, a gentle expression, and for all his softness possessed of a quiet and obstinate determination. He had intended never to renounce the charms of single blessedness, till the death of a childless elder brother, by making him heir to the vast estates and responsibilities of the d'Ossunas, also imposed upon him the charge of ensuring them to a direct lineage. He admired Mlle. Montijo—said he was rich enough to keep so expensive a wife, but as if he married at all it was only to have an heir, his conscience forbade him to wed a woman who it was well known would

never be a mother. The Duke alluded to a circumstance which was no secret in Madrid, namely, that a few seasons before, Mlle. Montijo being at Biarritz had insisted upon bathing in the sea during rough and stormy weather, that she had done so against the advice of all the people on the beach, that she had been carried off by the waves, dashed against a breakwater, rescued with difficulty, and been dangerously ill afterwards. She recovered and regained her full health, but the doctors had given it as their opinion that the shock to her system would debar her from ever bearing any children.

The second explanation given to Eugenie's tears was justified by her having presented *El Chiclanero* with a crimson silken *capa*, accompanied by an autograph note expressing to the celebrated *Espada* her admiration for his prowess in the Plaza de Toros. The gift and manner of it had been noticed in all the papers, and at the very next bull-fight, the *Chiclanero* at the head of his *quadrilla* crossed the arena, stopped under the box belonging to the Montijo family, in which Eugenie sat dressed as a

Maja (Spanish grisette), removed his brilliant mantle from his shoulders, spread it on the ground, dropped on one knee, and lifting his little embroidered and ball-covered cap from his head, waved it towards her. The spectators of this public and theatrical homage cheered enthusiastically, while the Countess de Teba calmly bowed her acknowledgments to the Torero and the crowd.

Clad in that same daring and picturesque costume of *Maja* or *Manola*, she undertook a journey into Andalusia, riding on mules all the way. Her sister and several men were of the party. The country they had to traverse was just then very unsafe, and infested with brigands. Their mode of proceeding was simple and telling; they neither killed nor plundered the parties they attacked, they merely carried off some resistless traveller as hostage into the mountains, and from their unsailable fastnesses wrote to his family and friends that if such and such a sum was not deposited at a fixed date in a specified spot they would forward a finger, nose, or toe of their prisoner, and so on, till the full ransom was paid. Countess Montijo,

who had disapproved of the Andalusian expedition, but been unable to prevent it, said feelingly to a lady on whom she was calling, "It is very annoying; of course I would pay Eugenie's ransom if she was captured, but I am very doubtful whether Alba would pay for my elder daughter if *she* were carried off—and then there is always the not knowing what may happen during a sojourn in a robber's cave."

However, the party reached their destination in safety, only Mlle. Montijo, who had taken the outward journey on horseback out of bravado and defiance, had had enough of it, so she changed her dress and came home by the more ordinary route of the *diligence*.

Towards the close of the year '49, Prince Carini, Minister of Naples, who from Madrid went to London, gave a small party at his Legation. In the course of the evening a young Dutch *attaché*, M. Paw, came in from the theatre primed with the last new thing about Eugenie. She had consulted a gipsy, who had predicted that she would be Empress. Aware that there were no marriage-

able emperors in the world, she had asked the Gitana if she did not mean a king or prince, but the woman had maintained her first statement, adding—"Emperor of a great country." "It must be Soulouque, then," observed a French *attaché*, Comte de Bréda, "for there is no other in the matrimonial market, and he would not be particular as to the number of his wives." He of all men was the least likely to admit the possibility of an empire in France. He belonged to a staunch Legitimist family; when he and his brothers were children they were made to kiss night and morning a small portrait of Henri Cinq, and to say piously, "*Dieu benissez le petit roi!*"

One of Eugenie's last escapades was grimly grotesque in its consequences. In the middle of a ball she became so incensed at some opposition offered in discussion by her partner, that, seizing a chair, she threatened to throw it at his head. The gentleman, forgetting himself, used strong terms of derision, and was called to order by a young man, who, constituting himself Mlle. Montijo's champion, turned against himself the

fury of the Marquis —. Words ran so high that a duel was inevitable; the conditions were arranged, but at the eleventh hour Eugenie's partner did not appear. A few days later his adversary saw him quietly eating an ice before the Café Suisse, and in a loud voice asked him what he meant by his dastardly proceedings. The Marquis, unmoved, replied that it was neither in his principles nor intentions to fight, but that he was ready to apologize, which he did profusely. But the two men meeting again accidentally on the following day at the station, the Marquis was made to leave the carriage he had already entered, to go down upon his knees, and repeat before a large crowd the same humble excuses, after which he was allowed to go unmolested.

In '51 Mlle. Montijo visited Paris, changed her tactics, dropped the Amazon and became the *ingénue*. She was always seen at her mother's side, demurely dressed, working at a tapestry-frame, with a small toy terrier curled on the hem of her gown, and all the boldness and eccentricity melted away. In this new character she attended

the *fêtes* of the Elysée Bourbon, and attracted the notice of Louis Napoleon. She was at the *réveillon du jour de l'An*, at the Tuileries in 1853, and when, according to the French custom, the Emperor approached her at midnight to salute her on the cheek as he had all the other ladies present, she drew back, and with a modest curtsy said, "*Sire*, only my husband shall ever kiss me." Before that the Duchess de Bassano had tried to put her on her guard against the compromising attentions of the Emperor, adding: "Take care; you prepare for yourself regret or remorse." The month of January was not far advanced when Eugenie was able to write to her prudent counsellor: "I marry Louis *without* regret and *without* remorse."

It is, however, very doubtful whether Mlle. Montijo would ever have been seated on the throne of France, had not the Emperor smarted under the refusal of his hand by the Princess of Wasa, and made his union with a woman not of royal blood an act of defiance to all the crowned heads of Europe. Thus the prophecy of

the Spanish gipsy received a prompt and decisive confirmation; but there were also many who remained unshaken in their belief in the truth of the doctors' diagnosis, and who considered the Duke of Ossuna's reluctance equally justified. Not even the birth of the Prince Imperial could reverse those convictions, and several reasons were alleged to prove that the circumstance did not materially alter the case: the time which elapsed between the marriage of the Empress and the announcement that an heir was expected; the cropping up of the fashion of paniers and crinolines, compared to the old *vertugadins* of the Court of Louis XV., then called *cache enfants*; the summoning of twelve wet-nurses with their infants from England, the secreting them for several days and nights in the Tuileries without outer communication, and the equally summary despatching of them, save one, as soon as the declaration of the birth of the Prince was made; the sex of the child, who, it was foretold, would ever remain the only one. There were, and still are, many people who doubt that the acknowledged

heir to the Imperial throne ever was the offspring of the Emperor and Empress.

Mlle. Montijo never seemed to care for women's society, yet the Empress Eugenie not only called around her several girls she had known in Spain, and some remotely connected with her, but she frequently referred to others, and inquired affectionately about those whom she had affected not to notice in her turbulent Madrid life. The hair on which a crown now rested had abruptly changed from red to golden; the figure had gained in dignity, the manner in repose; but even Winterhalter did not flatter his model when he painted that lovely profile portrait, so far superior in charm and resemblance to the more famous Decameron group.

Whether the Duke d'Ossuna had entertained a secret tenderness for the wayward beauty was not to be ascertained from his manner after her elevation; he travelled much through Europe, and was as before the *point de mire* of many eyes and ambitions. When he was in Berlin it almost appeared as if he would barter his liberty for the

charms of Mlle. de Seydowitz, the fair maid of honour of Princess Charles, but he wrenched himself away uncommitted, and it was not till some years after that he finally elected a Duchess d'Ossuna in the person of the Princess Salms.

In his small form he united all the proud, high-sounding titles—Spanish and foreign—of his ancient race; and when he died, in 1882, the escutcheons around his bier blazoned out crests and coats-of-arms, historical in every kingdom or empire. In his old palaces of Madrid, Saragossa, Toledo, Granada, and Seville, none of his retainers were ever turned away, however decrepit and useless they had become; not only the servant but his wife and children found under the master's roof-tree a shelter to the end of their days. The inheritance received from his ancestors was sacred in a d'Ossuna's eyes; no work of art, no weapon, jewel, or relic was ever removed from hall, gallery, or chapel to be sold and the value put to a personal use. In that respect the present Duke was perhaps less admirable than the improv-

erished grantees, who were equally scrupulous in preserving intact the historical heirlooms of their forefathers.

D'Ossuna was as *magnifique* in his hospitality as the *grands seigneurs* and wealthy financiers of the eighteenth century. One day he offered a lady of his acquaintance who was starting for the provinces the use of his residence during the whole duration of her stay in a certain city. When giving orders to his major-domo to prepare for her reception, he was told that he did not happen to possess a palace in that particular town ; nevertheless he maintained his invitation, and before the traveller arrived he had purchased and completely furnished a palace, which she found ready to receive her. It was esteemed a favour to be asked during the spring months to the Alameda, his favourite country seat in Castile ; but as was the case in many other parts of Spain, the neighbourhood was patrolled by highwaymen, who made the journey anything but pleasant. The Duke entered into an agreement with the chief of the brigands to pay him a certain annual sum on

condition that none of his guests should ever be molested on their way to the Alameda. The robber captain was perfectly amenable to reason ; he understood that the nobleman could not but feel deeply hurt that any one coming to him on his invitation should be plundered or even frightened, and promised that on presentation of d'Ossuna's card all those travelling to his house should be politely allowed to proceed to their destination. When the Duke was appointed Ambassador to Petersburg he waived the question of salary, firmly refusing any pay. "A d'Ossuna serves the King," he said, "for his country's advantage, not for his own."

Among the handsome women of Madrid at that period were the Marchioness of Medina Coeli, the Duchess of Fernan Nuñez—a young bride—one of Rianzarès' daughters, Doña Pilar, and a host of pretty creoles from the Havana, who sauntered at night in the avenues of the Prado, and whose liquid eyes and lisping voices were dangerously fascinating ; but it was well that the Court was gay, for the Spaniards, with the exception of

Madame Montijo's inexpensive entertainments, never received, and the Diplomatic Corps was equally inhospitable.

Most of the Ministers were unmarried; the English Minister, Lord Howden, had separated from his Russian wife on his wedding-day, and never lived with her, although when they happened to be in Paris at the same time he paid her friendly visits. Visitors who accidentally entered his breakfast-room used to see two covers laid opposite each other, and a child's high chair placed between them, but no open allusions were ever made to these domestic arrangements.

Baron de Bourgoing, head of the French Legation, had been at the siege of Silistrie, a circumstance which he frequently recalled. He was a widower, with a daughter too young to take her place in society. A story which he related at dinner before half-a-dozen guests, some very new acquaintances, will better than any description give an idea of his unconventional *bonhomme* and simple chivalry. "I am extremely *distrain*," he said, "and my marriage was the result of my absence

of mind. When I was a young man I fell in love with a charming girl I used to meet at balls and parties. I found out that she reciprocated my sentiments, and obtained her permission to speak to her father. The next morning I called on him, was shown into his study, and presented myself as a suitor for his daughter's hand. The old gentleman seemed surprised at first, but when I had assured him of the sincerity and stability of my affections, he offered no further objections, and, accepting me as his son-in-law, sent for his daughter. As the door opened I ran to greet my *fiancée*—it was another young lady—your mother, my child," he continued, suavely smiling at Mlle. de Bourgoing. "I had abstractedly come to the wrong house, pressed my suit with the wrong father, and been given the wrong wife; but of course I could not retract or put upon the young person the indignity of refusing her. She did not live long," he added with great serenity. "Pray take more wine!"

Baron Dal Borgo, the Danish envoy, was the oldest Diplomat in Madrid. He had been so long

abroad that he had almost forgotten his native tongue, and yet spoke no other correctly. He was the soul of honour and good-nature, without either cleverness or brilliancy. During one of the political commotions so frequent during the childhood of Isabella, Espartero, having incurred the displeasure of the adverse party, had to fly for his life, and was pursued through the streets by an infuriated mob. He threw himself into the house on the third floor of which Baron Dal Borgo had his bachelor apartment, rang the bell wildly, and as soon as the door was opened slipped in and barred it. Presently the ringleaders who had followed him threatened to break open the door if the fugitive was not immediately delivered up to them. Baron Dal Borgo himself unfastened the bolts and appeared on the threshold. He was received with cries and objurgations, and defied to say that Espartero was not within. Dal Borgo, pointing to the Danish flag that he had laid across the door, said calmly: "The man you seek is here; come and take him if you like; but if one of you steps on the colours of my country, by G—d I shall

make Spain responsible to Denmark for the insult." There must have been some mysterious power in this challenge, for it was not accepted; the insurgents, suddenly awed, withdrew, and in recognition of the service rendered, Dal Borgo received from the Spanish Government the title of *Baron del Asilo*.

VI.

Massimo d'Azeglio—Death of Alexander von Humboldt—War between Sardinia and Austria—Princess Victoria—Magenta—Solferino—Villafranca—Death of Queen Stephanie of Portugal—Marriage of Princess Frederick Charles—The Royal Family of Prussia—Prince Napoleon and Princess Clotilde.

EIGHTEEN hundred and fifty-nine was a momentous year for the little kingdom of Piedmont. As early as April discomposing rumours of hostility were rife, and serious changes were contemplated in the army and the State; d'Azeglio was sent to Paris, and General La Marmora, who had left the Ministry of War to command the Sardinian troops in the Crimea, once again took active service.

The small country had had three prophets of the independence of Italy—Balbo, with his Dantesque features; Gioberti, the middle-class philosopher; and Massimo d'Azeglio, the aristocrat and

the poet. The family of the latter came originally from Brittany. He had one brother a Jesuit priest, another in the army; his father had recklessly spent his fortune in the interest of his country, and brought up his sons in the purest feelings of patriotism. Massimo began life as an officer of cavalry, then proved himself a painter—a collection of his works was exhibited in Turin in 1866;—later on a musician and a novelist. He is the author of several of the few novels which Italy, the land of poetry and improvisation, has produced—*Ettore Fieramosca*, *Nicolo de Lappi*—and when he became a politician he wrote *Ultimi casi di Romagna*, which is a programme of national politics. D'Azeglio had refused the Presidency of the Council three months before Novara; after the defeat he accepted the post from a sense of duty, and prepared his country to receive and appreciate Cavour. He died a few months before Venice became free. His superiority lay almost entirely in the moral strength and loyalty of his character.

The severe illness of the King of Naples, the

apprehension that he should die inopportunately, added another element of uncasiness to public disquietude. A shepherd of the Abruzzi prophesied his recovery when he was at his worst, having, he alleged, had a vision in which Queen Christine had appeared to tell him so. The Pope announced his intention of beatifying the Queen if the prophecy was fulfilled.

However, towards the end of the month a lull of peace was beginning to spread over the land, when it was abruptly ruffled by the Austrian ultimatum, intimating that if Sardinia did not disarm within three days the Austrian troops should cross the frontier. On the following day Prussia issued the decree of the *Kriegsbereitschaft*, which although signed some time before had been kept in abeyance. It appeared in Berlin on a Sunday, and was received with great emotion. The same day the French *Moniteur* stated that a settlement had been consented by the great Powers. In answer to this news the refugees and malcontents declared that if Piedmont decided to disarm they would make a revolution.

From that date the most exciting and contradictory reports followed each other with inconceivable rapidity—the Emperor Napoleon had taken the field at the head of his army—Cavour had resigned—the Emperor had been assassinated;—the latter rumour gaining credence for several hours, and at last the certainty came that the French troops had entered Savoy. On that same day, the Princess of Prussia, whose sympathies were all French, fell into a heavy faint in her own room, and remained for some time unconscious.

The events in Italy were assuming such importance that the return to Germany of the King and Queen of Prussia was decided upon. The poor sovereign's condition was pitiable; his mind had completely given way, and his once bright intellect was for ever clouded. Before that conviction had become fully established some distressing scenes had occurred. Although known to be far from well, he had as yet shown no serious signs of mental alienation, and frequently appeared in public. At a dinner given in his honour by the Grand Duke of Tuscany at the Pitti Palace, he began deliber-

ately to wash his hands in his soup-plate. Another time from his private seat in a chapel of the Dome he had imitated the loud crowing of a cock as soon as the clergyman ascending the pulpit commenced to preach, to the extreme discomfiture of his suite and the clergy. The King and Queen came home *viâ* Trieste, but did not stop in Berlin, taking up their residence in Charlottenburg, and later in Potsdam. Frederick William IV. never returned to his capital.

Even the best-informed diplomats, whether they corresponded with their Governments from Turin, Vienna, Paris, or Berlin, could give no positive or accurate news, so rapidly did the circumstances alter and contradict themselves. In May the Sardinian Government reserved for itself all the telegraphic lines; Prussia mobilized her army; the Austrians had crossed the Ticino, marching on Turin; the Grand Duke of Tuscany, threatened with a revolution, saw the army fraternizing with the people; the Piedmontese troops were massed on the river Dora; the French troops advanced into Piedmont to oppose the crossing of

the Po at Frassinetto ; and the Emperor Napoleon left Paris to join his corps of expedition *via* Toulon. He was received with fervent enthusiasm at Genoa. Meanwhile the German political-comic paper, the *Kladderadatsch*, was beginning the series of its derisive cartoons and violent attacks upon him ; a prediction was current about that time that he would die on "a" 15th of May—year not specified—and that he would suffer from a painful and lingering disease.

One of Germany's glories departed when old Baron Humboldt died peacefully on the 6th of May, 1859, at Tegel, a country residence belonging to the Hohenzollerns, situated among the pine woods at an easy driving distance from Berlin, and which had been placed at his disposal by the King. He preserved his faculties to the last. Even after his great age, and the withdrawal of Frederick William IV. from the government of the country had made him prefer the repose of private life to the turmoil of politics, Alexander von Humboldt took a lively interest in humanity at large, and a personal one in the circle of his numerous relatives

and friends. It was always a treat to call on the kindly, courteous old man, who, sitting in his cushioned chair with his white head inclined a little on one shoulder, would greet his visitor with a sweet tender smile, and converse affably on all topics. He was fond of children and young people ; the somewhat sombre house at Tegel was made lively by the laughter and romps of great-grand-nephews and nieces. Having travelled all over the world, he spoke most languages fluently, French the best of all. He had resided long in Paris at the beginning of the century, first for the classification of his valuable collections with M. Guy de Lussac, and a little later in the fulfilment of a political mission, remaining there twenty years after it was ended. He had become closely attached to the d'Orleans family, and was chosen by his Government to carry to Paris the formal recognition of Louis Philippe on his ascension to the throne. He was the sincerest friend and most loyal servant of the King of Prussia ; the gentle content of his declining years, the happy serenity of his disposition, was embittered only by the pain which

the illness of Frederick William caused him. To the very day of his death he participated in spirit in the current events of the hour, judging them with his lofty impartiality and high wisdom. When his last agony commenced, his mind wandered a little, and he called for the King with pathetic words of loving farewell. His Majesty was at that time incapable of realizing the loss he sustained in the death of Humboldt, and when the news was conveyed to him attached no meaning to their import. The funeral took place three days later with great pomp, the Regent having so willed it. Alexander von Humboldt had nearly completed his ninetieth year.

Some disparaging remarks were made in the newspapers when the Princess Frederick Wilhelm persisted in going to the Isle of Wight under circumstances which prevented her husband from accompanying her, and the importance of which ought to have kept her at his side. But it never was very easy to make her abandon any plan she had formed, and Prince Frederick Wilhelm had already taken the habit not to thwart his young

wife's wishes unless he was absolutely compelled to do so. The preceding winter she had been desirous to visit on foot the Christmas fair, annually held on the *Schlossfreiheit*—the great square before the Royal Palace—and had persuaded the Prince to take her there after dark. Hanging on his arm and unattended, she stopped at the candle-lit booths, buying gingerbread, and in spite of the piercing cold spent more than an hour walking about in the crowd, recognized and respectfully but amazedly stared at by the humble frequenters of the popular *Weinachts Markt*. The Regent heard of this infringement of the established etiquette of his Court, and kindly remonstrated with his daughter-in-law, but finding her recalcitrant to promise that she would not repeat the offence, he laid his commands on his son to prevent a renewal of it.

The feeling of Germany against France was becoming more and more accented ; the alliance of the latter nation with Piedmont incensed the whole Fatherland, whose sympathies with Austria had, however, never been overpowering, and when

fifteen thousand Austrians were driven back from Montebello, leaving two thousand killed, wounded, or prisoners behind them, the ferment of public opinion knew no bounds. At Munich the women refused to wear crinolines or any French fashions, to buy articles imported from France, or to speak the language; this condemnation extending from the lowest to the highest classes. A French company was not allowed to give performances at Dresden for the same reason.

The success of the allies grew rapidly. After the death of the King of Naples, which happened in spite of the Abbruzzian shepherd's vision, the Austrians were made to evacuate Piacenza with fifty thousand men; Victor Emmanuel won the battle of Palestro; Garibaldi was victorious in several bloody encounters; the French Zouaves performed miracles of valour. Notwithstanding the circulated rumours of atrocities committed by the Austrians, private letters from Piedmontese officers actually on the spot never made mention of any.

On June the 1st Berlin was filled with groups of workmen clamouring for labour. They were

promptly dispersed by a large force of police, and several attempts at similar disturbances were disposed of in the same summary and effectual manner. The German Government has always known how to deal with these ebullitions of the people that threaten to disturb peace and industry. When the new buildings in the Friedrichstrasse some years ago were in course of construction, it had been arranged that they were to be completed on a certain day. The workmen, deeming themselves indispensable, unanimously struck for higher wages. The contractors were dismayed; they had a large forfeit to pay in case of the nonfulfilment of their engagements. Bismarck solved the difficulty; he drafted out of the army as many masons, plumbers, plasterers, &c. as were required, and sent them to work on the building, taking no heed of the strikers, who merely lost their job by their move.

It is almost impossible now to form an idea of the contending emotions awakened by the Austro-Italian war in the capital of Prussia. The interest taken in the movement of the troops; the hatred

of France growing with each victory of the allies ; an ill-repressed desire of siding with the Austrians, created a ferment which gave the Government no small cause for anxiety. Society itself was divided into two camps, more embittered against each other than even during the Crimean war. Legations that had been on the most intimate terms refused to meet ; the wives of some of the Ministers were personally insulting to the wives of others under the pretext of national disagreements, and the representatives of perfectly neutral powers found themselves dragged into the feuds of cliques.

On the 4th of June the battle of Magenta cost the Austrians a loss of fifteen thousand killed and wounded, and of five thousand prisoners. General Mac Mahon, who had formerly achieved the perilous honour of carrying the works of Malakoff in the Crimea, again distinguished himself, and received, with the title of Duke of Magenta, the *bâton* of Marshal of France. Two years later his tall, commanding figure, martial countenance and white moustache were conspicuous among the envoys sent to Prussia for the coronation of King William I.

Canrobert was severely wounded during the fight, and Victor Emmanuel slightly. The immediate result of the victory was the evacuation of Milan by Giulaÿ, and the virtual liberation of Lombardy, thus achieving what had been Carlo Alberto's lifelong dream—a dream rudely shattered on the disastrous battle-field of Novara ten years before. Victor Emmanuel and Napoleon I. then unite their head-quarters into one. The former is made Corporal of Zouaves. The Duchess of Parma leaves her States for the third time after releasing her troops from the oath of allegiance; beyond Milan the country is abandoned by the Austrians, and the fortresses of the Quadrilateral conquered; the Prince Regent explains in an autograph letter to the French Emperor his desire for the mobilization of the Sixth Army Corps; the Emperor Francis Joseph leaves his army on the 27th to return to Vienna, for on the 24th Solferino gives another victory to the allies, and ratifies the liberation of Northern Italy. The whole Sardinian army fought that day, and for the first time the French cavalry was engaged. Popular rumour

whispered that the Emperor Napoleon had shown the white feather, and had become nervously anxious for the cessation of hostilities; the caricatures of the *Kladderadatsch* faithfully echoed this appreciation. In Vienna the news of this fresh defeat nearly caused a revolution; General Clam Clam fought a duel with General de Grüne, and Hungary was rife for a revolt. However, almost immediately an armistice was concluded, and a Congress spoken of, to be held presumably in Switzerland—a Congress called by an American, “A plaister on the wounded spirits of Europe.” Shortly after, the treaty of peace—signed at Villafranca—gave Lombardy to Piedmont; Venice was to remain under the rule of an Austrian Archduke; the banished princes to be reinstated in their dominions, and to form part of an Italian Confederation. Count Cavour, incensed at terms so little in accordance with the aims of a war which was to make Italy “free from the Mediterranean to the Adriatic,” left the Cabinet, and the probable successor mentioned was a Marchese Aresi, said to be a friend of Napoleon III. Even the Regent of

Prussia wondered at this unexpected termination to a bloody and costly struggle.

Victor Emmanuel experienced great difficulties in forming his new Cabinet, and summoned Ratazzi to be the head of the Government. Italy was loud in her blame and recriminations, the clergy in Savoy were accused of being under French influence and of opposing progress, and the great question of the independence of Venice and Central Italy remained a burning and threatening one.

Meanwhile, the White Lady had again given ghostly warnings, and her appearance heralded two more deaths. The first was that of the Grand Duchess of Weimar, mother of the Princess Regent ; the second, that of the young Queen of Portugal, who was carried off by diphtheria, before she was twenty. Her marriage had been solemnized at Berlin not more than a twelvemonth before. She was a Princess of Hohenzollern, niece of the King of Prussia, a sweet, fair young girl, brought up with the greatest care and simplicity, and a favourite in her own family at Sigmaringen, as well as at Berlin. When she was destined to become the wife of

Dom Pedro, she set herself assiduously to study Portuguese, and was encouraged and assisted in that pursuit by Princess Victoria. The Royal *fiancé* did not come to Berlin for the ceremony ; he was represented by Prince Hohenzollern, a youthful brother of the bride, who married her by proxy in the Catholic Church of Saint Hedwige, the only one in the Prussian capital. This young man was the same who became the pretext for the Franco-German war as candidate to the throne of Spain.

It was a very pretty wedding ; the whole Court was present in gala, accommodated with chairs within the altar-rails ; the body of the church was filled with the Diplomatic Corps, the dignitaries of State, and the aristocracy. The girlish-looking bride walked up the central aisle ; her long silver-embroidered train, strewn with myrtle, was carried by eight pages ; she was followed by her German bridesmaids and Prussian suite. After the blessing had been given she was led by her brother to the Regent, the Princess of Prussia, and her other relatives, who embraced her, and then conducted to a high arm-chair, raised on a daïs at the

left of the altar. At that moment all the Germans who had composed her Court drew back, and the Portuguese suite, headed by the aged Duke of Saldanha, came forward, knelt before her, and afterwards ranged themselves around her as if to take possession of their new Queen. In the evening there was a State reception at the Palace, where the bride for the first time in her life held the "*Cercle*," and went through the ordeal with modest self-possession. At the concert which followed she sat on the right hand of the Regent, a place till then occupied by Princess Victoria, and which—it was evident by the discontented expression of her face—she yielded with reluctance.

The impatience of the King of Portugal to see his wife was so great, that as soon as the ship that brought her hove in sight of Lisbon, instead of conforming to the settled ceremonial, and waiting to receive her in state when she landed the following morning, he had himself privately conveyed on board the steamer overnight, and rushing down into her cabin seized both her hands, gazed long into her flushed, startled face, ended by

straining her to his heart, and saying, "Ah! how long the time will seem till to-morrow!" left her, and hurriedly returned on shore.

The next day Princess Stephanie made her entry into the capital with tolling of bells and booming of cannon, rejoicings, and acclamations. She at once won the love of her subjects by her gentle, engaging manner, and endeared herself more and more by many acts of kindness and charity. Her premature death in all the flush of love, beauty, and happiness, was considered as a public calamity in Portugal. Had her marriage been performed according to the rites of the Lutheran faith it would have been celebrated in the Chapel of the Schloss, like those of all princesses belonging to the Royal Family of Prussia.

The wedding of the Princess of Dessau with Prince Frederick Charles—the Red Prince—in September, 1857, was solemnized in the evening at the Palace with all the customary formalities. The generality of the invited guests, numbering over a thousand, assembled in the White Hall; those specially favoured were ushered into the

chapel itself, and witnessed the short nuptial ceremony standing. Before coming to the altar the bride had received, according to an old usage, the Royal Crown from the Queen, who with her own hands had placed it on her head over her veil; she was entitled to wear it during the religious service and the reception that followed. As soon as the blessing had been given, a clash of military music and the pealing of bells announced that the newly-married couple were leaving the chapel. The spectators were all marshalled into different saloons, where they remained for a while; then the doors of the White Hall, guarded by the grenadiers of Frederick the Great in their old costume, were thrown open, and disclosed a number of card-tables, ranged in a row on a slightly raised platform. All the royal personages were sitting at those tables, the King and Queen with the bride and bridegroom in the centre, the others according to their rank, nearer or further removed, and all apparently engaged playing cards. The male guests grouped themselves facing the platform, leaving

an open space in front of them ; the ladies letting down their five-yard trains, which they had till then carried on their arms, prepared to defile before the Court, curtseying low before each table once, and three times before the central group, receiving a more or less cordial recognition or nod, as they were on more or less intimate terms with the exalted players. This lengthened ceremony must have appeared extremely monotonous to the young Princess, who was then, and has always been since, the loveliest woman of the Prussian Court. She was not a happy wife ; she committed the mistake of presenting her husband with five daughters ere she gave him the son he ardently desired, and he did not keep from her the disappointment he felt ; he expressed it in harsh terms and with galling contempt. A more sensitive or less patient woman would perhaps not have submitted so tamely, or at least suffered more.

The Court of Berlin was social and hospitable. Not only did the King open the Schloss for balls during the winter, but the Prince of Prussia entertained in his own palace. Prince Frederick

William after his marriage likewise occasionally gave a ball; so did the Prince Frederick Charles, Prince Charles, his father, and even Prince Albert, the youngest of the brothers, whose only daughter, Princess Alexandrine, hailed this diversion in her rather dull life. Prince Albert married again late in life, this time morganatically, but William I. gave his sons the title of Counts von Hohenau, and grades in the army.

Prince Adalbert, a cousin of the four sons of Queen Louise, was Admiral of the Prussian fleet—not a very exacting post—and led a retired life in his palace of the Leipziger Gate. He had married a sister of the celebrated Viennese Sylphide, Fanny Elssler, called Theresa, who was also a dancer. In recognition of the excellent character she always bore, the King tacitly sanctioned the union, gave Mlle. Elssler a title, ennobled her sons, and promoted their advancement. She never attempted to obtrude herself on society, who passively ignored her. Another cousin of the Regent was Prince Alexander, a widower, who occupied a fine palace in the Wilhelmstrasse, the

fashionable street of Berlin, an amiable, inoffensive, cheerful, and not very intelligent man—wearing the inevitable uniform with the ease of constant habit, glad to be talked to by women, and absolutely null in politics. He owned the finest and most complete dinner service of Dresden china ever known, which had descended to him by heirloom, and was said to be priceless. His eldest son was below the average in sense ; his deficiencies in that respect were corrected by excellent training ; he was wound up by his chamberlain, M. de Roeder, to go through a certain curriculum, and would pass muster fairly at receptions, making appropriate questions and inquiries of the people introduced to him ; but if the strain was sustained too long, or the order of presentations inverted, the clock ran down, and he committed extraordinary blunders. He frequently visited the little bath of Schinznacht in Switzerland, took the waters, made friends with the visitors, and created quite a flutter of loyalty in the Republican watering-place.

His brother George had a great taste and talent

for music, which was almost his sole relaxation ; he went nearly every night to the opera, where he sat during the whole performance silent and absorbed in his box on the lower tier. He was a tall, pale, thin man, extremely delicate in health, a great reader, and shunned society. He was called a misanthrope and a woman-hater ; he was only shy, and not frivolous ; but when he met any one of congenial tastes and whose sympathetic interest he did not doubt, he would converse very pleasantly. Laughter seemed impossible to his white, sad countenance, but his rare smile lent it a melancholy redeeming sweetness.

In that peculiarity of the smile lighting up otherwise stolid or heavy features, Prince George resembled a man with whom he had nothing else in common—Prince Louis Napoleon. The latter passed through Berlin in 1857, and a party was given for him at the French Legation ; many ladies wore violets as a delicate compliment to the Bonapartes. Of all the relatives of Napoleon I., with the exception perhaps of the son of Jerome and Elizabeth Patterson, Prince Louis Napoleon was

the one who most closely reproduced the face of the First Consul. The Napoleonic cast, although made coarser and less Cæsarian by invading corpulence, was there; the brow, nose, and chin were finely modelled, and when the illuminating smile broke slowly on the thin lips and spread for an instant over every feature before fading away, the whole countenance seemed transfigured. Unfortunately the favourable impression was but transient, and hardly militated against the want of sympathy the Prince elicited. In Germany opinion ran strongly against him; his sudden retirement from the Crimea, attributed to other motives than those of ill health alleged by him, had never been forgotten or forgiven, and when the French turned the sobriquet of "Plon Plon" into "Craint Plomb," the insulting play on the words was keenly appreciated.

The news of his marriage with Princess Clotilde, the eldest daughter of Victor Emmanuel, which was announced in January 1859, and actually took place on the 30th of the month, was received with incredulous surprise. It seemed incredible that a

daughter of the valiant and chivalrous house of Savoy should at barely sixteen be given to a man so much her senior, belonging to a family of usurpers, and bearing anything but a spotless name. The young girl submitted without a murmur. When asked at Turin what arrangements she would like to have made at the Palais Royal for her reception, she asked if there was a chapel, and being answered affirmatively, said that the rest did not matter. In her case the *raison d'état* was hardly considered as justifying such a sacrifice. A few months after the marriage became an accomplished fact the Prince was commanding the French army of reserve in the south of Italy, without ever being engaged in any important action; and in 1861, having insulted the family of Orleans in the Senate, and been called out by the Duc d'Aumale to account for his words, he refused the challenge, to the disgust and indignation of the whole army.

King Victor Emmanuel had stipulated that a stated portion of his daughter's dowry should be invested out of France, and in compliance with this prudential arrangement, the Prince purchased

on the shores of the lake of Geneva a splendid property, called Prangins, belonging to a Mr. Freeman, who had married a Swiss lady of great beauty, Mlle. de Blonay. He was the son of the Duc de Berry by his marriage with Mrs. Brown, and had two sisters, married respectively one to a Monsieur de Faucigny, a Piedmontese gentleman, who on that occasion was created Prince de Lucinge, the other to the General de Charrette, a name of Vendean celebrity.

Princess Clotilde, inexperienced as she was, soon found out how uncongenial her new ties and duties would prove ; but she had the fortitude of her race and the courage that endures. She was almost a saint, and bore her domestic trials with so much dignity and quiet superiority that she compelled the respect of her husband and his associates, and the admiration of the rest of the world. She made no complaint, only she calmly and firmly refused to sanction by her presence the scenes she disapproved, and affected to ignore those that were an insult to her. She moved, grave and irreproachable, amidst the levity and frivolity of the

second Empire ; it was a pathetic sight to see her at the theatre, her head slightly drooping, her eyes vaguely fixed on the stage, her thoughts evidently far away, always silent, always solitary. Her charity was boundless, the poor adored her, those that suffered blessed her, and she reaped at least one high reward for her life of martyrdom. After Sedan, when a panic seized the Imperial family, when the Empress fled by backways from the Tuileries, and under the ægis of a dentist left France, Princess Clotilde quietly announced that she would depart from Paris openly as became a Princess of Savoy ; she drove from the Palais Royal to the station in her own open carriage as serenely as if she were going for an ordinary drive. The mob, who recognized her, stopped its infuriated yells on her passage, several of the most blood-thirsty democrats lifted their caps before her, and more than one cry arose of " God speed " to our "*Sainte Clotilde*."

VII.

Count Cavour—Victor Emmanuel—Rosina Vercellana—Theatres
— Frezzolini — Alboni — Cerrito — Madame Ratazzi —
Madame Turr—Admiral Persano—Swiss Regiments at
Naples—Duchess of Genoa—Rapallo.

IN 1858, Count Camille Benso di Cavour was already suffering from the illness that carried him off three years later; in the month of July he was advised to try the waters of Plombières. On his way to that watering-place he passed through Switzerland, having taken the direct Mont Cenis route, and stopped for a night at Geneva, where he received a popular ovation. In response to the enthusiastic clamours of the crowds collected before his hotel he showed himself on the balcony, and made a short speech which met with deafening applause, and on the following day he was accompanied on the first stage of his journey by an admiring escort.

His ability as a statesman, his patriotic aspirations, his ardent devotion to the House of Savoy, did not prevent him from being in his private capacity the most thoroughly genial companion; his characteristic leaning towards young people seemed to have kept him fresh and vernal in heart and feelings. He invariably selected his secretaries among youthful men. He required very little sleep, and was gifted with prodigious activity. After a long day's work he would dine and go to the theatre, preferring the French plays, and patronizing in turn the equally good companies of the Carignan and the d'Angennes. Afterwards he paid calls or attended parties, then snatching four or five hours' sleep he rose at five a.m. perfectly rested and ready for the day's labours. He could not understand why young people were not as hardy and energetic as he was in his mature age, but at the same time he was most considerate to his subordinates, dismissing them when they seemed tired, and insisting that they should enjoy the pleasures of society. His general resemblance to Monsieur Thiers was very

remarkable, although he was of a much larger build than the *great* little French statesman and historian. During his stay at Plombières it was rumoured that he had become engaged to a handsome Englishwoman, whose society he seemed to appreciate; but Cavour, although chivalrously *empressé* with the fair sex, had only one serious passion—Italy; one serious aim—her independence and unification; hence his profound disappointment at the abrupt peace of Villafranca which left that goal unreachd.

Another deep source of anxiety for Count Cavour was the lasting infatuation of Victor Emmanuel for Rosina Vercellana, the keeper's daughter, whom the Prince had loved when only Duke of Savoy, and, like the son of Frederick the Great, visited in defiance of his father's commands by scaling at night the walls of the royal park of Raconigi. After the death of the Queen the protracted *liaison* of the King was leading him surely and unwisely to its consecration by marriage. Cavour had endured that Rosina should have been made Countess of Mirafiori—a perfumer's title as

the Piedmontese called it—that all should have been done for her children save legitimize them, but he could not reconcile himself to this last step. Victor Emmanuel, from carelessness or *parti pris*, had been wilfully blind to certain derelictions of Rosina, who more than once was led astray by her lower instincts and the memory of old associations. Cavour, with the assistance of Count Cigala, Master of the Horse, laid a plan by which the King should be convinced by ocular demonstration of Rosina's infidelity. They persuaded him to put her to the test and abide by the proofs; he consented at first, but at the last moment drew back. It was then that Cavour, as a last resource, being fully persuaded that the *prestige* of monarchy was essential to the furtherance of his ultimate scheme of a great united Italy, adjured Victor Emmanuel in the name of the services he had rendered him not to cause him the most cruel pain he could suffer. The King, conquered by the fervent appeal of his faithful Minister, promised solemnly that as long as Cavour lived he would never marry Rosina.

Unfortunately the statesman did not survive long enough to prevent the union he dreaded so much. After his death, in 1861, having hesitated some years more, the King considered himself relieved of his oath, and privately married the Countess de Mirafiori. Of common origin, without education or particular beauty, Rosina was not, however, a wicked or dangerous woman; she suffered the admiration of the King more than she courted it, and retained it without any secret motives of intrigue or ambition. She proved herself neither exacting nor greedy; she liked him after a fashion, and infinitely more as time passed on; she bore the countless infidelities of a man who reckoned his caprices by hundreds—with indifference at first and resignation afterwards, and put forth no claims on his fidelity or his purse.

Her position in Piedmont was perfectly known and equally acknowledged; she never had any footing in society, although the members of the King's immediate *entourage* visited her. The army ignored her; the officers were unwilling to pay her any special respect, even to giving up their

seats in a railway-carriage for her at a station-master's request, who urged her claims as Countess de Mirafiori. "The King's uniform does not *céder le pas* to the King's mistress," they said. Her sons were in the service, and popular; her daughter married a Count Spinola, and lived at Pisa. It was there that she settled when, her health being impaired, the doctor ordered her a milder climate than Turin, where nothing kept her after the King's death. She died at the age of fifty-two, in the same Medici Palace where Cosmo I. murdered his son Don Garcia under the eyes of his mother, who fell down dead, killed by the horror of the scene. Rosina Vercellana, who loved the memory of Victor Emmanuel with a stubborn, dogged fidelity, truer in death than in life, had already ordered the wreath of flowers which she sent every year to be placed on his tomb, with the uniformly short inscription, "*Una Inconsolata*," when she succumbed herself.

King Umberto recognized the rights of his father's widow by sending the secretary of his household to Pisa to attend the funeral and

defray all expenses. As a mark of respect he also countermanded a royal hunt fixed for that day at San Rossore.

The simplicity and frugality of King Victor Emmanuel's habits were excessive; he had only two strong tastes, horses and hunting. Before he ascended the throne he used to say—"God ought to have made me an English jockey instead of a Duke of Savoy." One day his eldest son, Umberto, being quite a child, was playing in his father's room, and provoked at some mishap to his toys, gave utterance to a loud "*Contaccio*," a meaningless but extremely profane Piedmontese oath. His horror-stricken attendant was beginning to remonstrate with him, but the King interfered, saying—"Leave him alone; it is well that he should speak the language of his country."

Victor Emmanuel loathed representation, ceremonial, and officialism; he dined at the primitive hour of twelve, and when compelled to assist at a gala banquet, he would sit through it, one gloved hand resting on his cavalry sword, the other tormenting his prodigiously long moustache, talking

little, and unrestrainedly glad when the function was over. In his shooting expeditions in the mountains he lived like an Alpine hunter, covering many miles of hard climbing a day, bringing down numerous chamois, and laying himself down under a rock, wrapped in his cloak, to sleep till dawn.

Fond as he was of women as a sex, he had nothing to say to those of the upper classes; his conversation at balls and receptions when not bald was tactless. He asked Madame de Malaret, the wife of the French Chargé d’Affaires, if she wore stays, and when the lady looked her surprise, he continued in cool explanation, that he thought not, her figure was so supple. Unlike the King of Naples, who had the skirts of the ballet-dancers lengthened, and made them wear green undergarments, Victor Emmanuel liked *only* the ballet, and cared for neither opera nor comedy.

The Teatro Reggio was the fashionable and daily resort of Turinese society during the Carnival. Three of the five tiers of boxes, unbroken by dress-circle or gallery, were in the gift of the Court — or rather the Chamberlain distributed

the boxes to the aristocracy and "upper ten" only, who paid their subscriptions. To be seen in those seats was a social voucher. The higher row was procurable by the *bourgeoise*, and the *demi-monde* was relegated to those altitudes called "the paradise." Full dress was *de rigueur*.

The theatrical appetite in Turin was insatiable. The Piedmontese went to the theatre every night, each woman having a whole, half, or a quarter of a box at three or four different houses; generally two went shares together, so that they doubled their opportunities. The men all went to the pit, where they stood, looking about to see who was in the boxes, which were virtually *salons*, and called on the occupants; fashionable women receiving as many as fifty and sixty visitors in one evening. The price of admittance for officers was *nine francs* for forty performances, which, on the average, were superior in quality and quantity to any but the best out of Italy. One play in five acts, and two in one, were an habitual bill of fare. At the Reggio there were never less than one opera, a serious ballet given between the second and third act of the opera,

and a little one at the close. The most religious silence obtained during the dancing, while conversations were carried on audibly during the singing, a solemn hush being only imperative for two or three special airs, agreed upon in some occult way at the beginning of the season.

Madame Frezzolini was then a favourite Prima Donna ; her fine physique was eminently suited to what the Italians call *Opera seria* ; she was tall, dark, with a pale skin and flashing black eyes ; her voice was of singular sweetness and purity, and her highest notes unerringly true, but unfortunately the very quality of the voice doomed it to be prematurely worn, and the strain of singing in the huge theatres of the Scala, the Fenice, and San Carlo, precipitated its decline. Frezzolini, however, was still able to pose as a star, when, during the season of '56—'57, she delighted Madrid as Norma and Semiramide. To her great chagrin, however, Alboni was engaged at the same time, or shortly after, and shadowed her own popularity. In order to rouse the public to some of the enthusiasm she had at first excited, Frezzolini

resorted to an unworthy device. In the morning before her benefit, as she was suffering from hoarseness, she had a strip of paper pasted across the bills late in the afternoon, stating that she had just received the news of her father's death, but that she would nevertheless go through her part in the evening, craving the indulgence of the public if her emotion impaired her singing. The house was crowded; she put out all her remaining strength, and although the result was far from satisfactory, her failure was attributed to filial sorrow, and she was received with applause and flowers—a less perfunctory homage than it has since become. Madame Frezzolini found this fictitious bereavement so advantageous that she mourned her father in several other cities, till the trick was exploded, and she had to renounce the stage for good.

Madame Alboni never for one moment lost her command over the most magnificent and unrivalled contralto voice that has ever been heard. Not all the disadvantages of her figure, not her increasing and disproportionate *embonpoint* could mar the exquisite charm of her liquid notes. She sang

without effort, with apparent unconsciousness ; she was no actress at all, and her boyish head with its short hair and large brown eyes was inconsistent with any dramatic expression ; but her song was pregnant with the most subtle shades of sentiment. A Frenchman compared her irreverently to a cask whence a stream of crystalline water is pouring. The Italians raved about her from the hour when Rossini, whose pupil she was, made her *débuter* at Bologna. She was Jenny Lind's rival in London, and took Paris by storm before going to Spain, and thence to America. Her admirable talent levelled the discrepancies between her person and the parts she filled ; one forgot that Cenerentola could not weigh fifteen stone ; that the bridge over which Amina passes in her sleep had to be supported by an extra girder ; one saw nothing grotesque in the duet between a corpulent Arsace and a slim Semiramide ; and when Maffio Orsini warbled "*Il segreto*" it became immaterial that the page of Lucrezia Borgia wore a full long skirt over her impossible tights. At a Court concert at Madrid, Alboni made a hit by singing Danish ballads that

carried away the audience beyond the bounds of etiquette ; the Queen herself rose and complimented her.

Alboni married early the Marchese Pepoli, a Roman nobleman, but did not for that leave the stage ; like all stout women she was extremely easy-tempered and eminently lazy. She was avowedly fond of a succulent *cuisine*, and never travelled or moved without her first-class man-cook. She finally retired in 1863, in full possession of her voice, and being a widow married again obscurely and settled near Paris.

However, no Diva won from the public of Turin more ardent enthusiasm than the *danseuse*, Fanny Cerrito. During her engagement at the Teatro Reggio, she had taken rooms at the Hôtel Feder Via San Francesco di Paule, and night after night she was escorted home by fanatical admirers ; the horses were frequently taken out of her carriage, young men would harness themselves to it, and lift her out in triumph at the door of the hotel. She was the idol, the goddess of the whole city ; her little worn shoes were purchased as priceless

relics, and the honesty of waiters and chambermaids imperilled by the bribes offered to obtain them. Bouquets as broad as tables, of camellias and Parma violets with her monogram in flowers, were daily delivered at her door, so that Madame Bartholon, the comely French manageress of the hotel, finally gave up a large unused apartment for the storage of those cumbersome *ex votos*.

Fanny Cerrito was born at Naples. She was the daughter of a superior officer who had made the campaign of Russia with Napoleon I., and was a mere child when the King of Naples, struck with the grace and lightness of her dancing, advised her to embrace the art as a profession. She did so, and at eleven appeared for the first time at the San Carlo theatre. From that hour her life became a long triumph. At Rome her landau was converted into a bower of bloom; painters and sculptors begged for the favour of reproducing her face and form; poets wrote burning stanzas in her honour; the Pope, informed that her virtue was equal to her talent, sent her the medal and diploma of St. Cecilia, a distinction never before conferred on a

dancer. At her last performance in Rome she was crowned on the stage by a deputation of Roman Princes, and saluted by the young girls of the congregation of St. Cecilia. At Venice, where she stayed at the Hotel Danieli, a bridge of boats hidden under a canopy of flowers and foliage was built with gondolas from her hotel to the Fenice, and the ambassadors, nobility, and dignitaries of the city gave her a magnificent farewell *fête*.

At that time she might have made a splendid marriage, but no temptation could induce her to leave the stage. A year later she made the acquaintance of St. Léon, whose real name was Michel, son of the dancing-master at the Court of Wurtemberg. He was himself a fair performer and an excellent musician; he loved the pretty dancer, and she returned his affection, but he was a Protestant, she an ardent Catholic, and firmly resolved never to marry a man who was not of her religion, she made his conversion the condition of marriage. Being profoundly enamoured, and seeing no other means of winning his idol, he consented. Cerrito was so devout that

she never came upon the stage without first making the sign of the cross.

Like all artists she longed for the consecration which a Parisian public alone can give. It was in that city that Cerrito created her finest parts in *La Fille de Marbre*, *La Vivandière*, *Stella*, *Gemma*, which she composed with Theophile Gautier, Count Gabrielli writing the music, and *Le Violon du Diable*, intimately associated with her and her husband, for St. Léon wrote nearly all the score, having his wife's rôle in view; he played the violin with great skill, and between them they made this ballet a world-wide success.

Cerrito was pretty, lively, and witty. Roqueplan said of her—"Dancers generally only have *esprit* in their feet, she has wit in her whole person." She went to Russia, where she made a golden harvest, and was invited by the Emperor to the coronation *fêtes* at Moscow; he drank her health in flattering words at a banquet which he gave to all the artists. Her marriage did not turn out well. After a time she separated from St. Léon, who was never heard of again, and pursued her

career alone; but a greater trial was in store for the Sylphide. At a performance of the *Fille de Feu* her dress caught fire, and she was with difficulty rescued from the flames. After a long and painful illness she recovered, but although not disfigured her health was affected, and she was obliged to give up dancing. She was only thirty-five, and it nearly broke her heart. She lives at Passy, near the Bois de Boulogne, in a pretty little hotel planned and built by her, surrounded by birds and flowers, having retained her kindliness and wit, actively charitable among the poor, and visited by friends among whom she can count the highest names of all countries. Once she was threatened with blindness, but an operation was successfully performed by Doctor Galezowski, and light has returned to the gentle little fairy's bright brown eyes.

Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino, brother of Napoleon I., was twice married. His second wife, a Madame Joubberthon, widow of a stockbroker, presented him with nine children. The eldest daughter

married an Irish gentleman, Mr. Wyse, who was afterwards British Ambassador at Athens, and their two daughters married respectively—one, General Turr; the other, first a Prince Solms Solms, and secondly Signor Ratazzi. Both sisters achieved a certain notoriety in Piedmont. Madame Ratazzi, who had not her sister's beauty, was clever to eccentricity, and unconventional to impropriety. She went to such lengths that she was snubbed at a Court ball by Victor Emmanuel, who, if more than lax in his relations with women in private life, tolerated no infractions to etiquette in official circles. She affected a gushing and passionate love for her second husband, testified by girlish demonstrations, kissing him in public, rumpling his scanty locks, addressing him by childishly endearing appellations, and even going so far that when she invited a party of twelve to dinner she had only eleven chairs in the room, so that she was compelled, as she archly expressed it, "to sit in her old man's lap." Ratazzi, who, like a man in love, had at first been entranced by these foolish antics, soon tired of their incongruity, and as the lady possessed

an ungovernable temper, and resented his coldness, she brought matters to a crisis, and a separation.

Adeline Wyse Bonaparte lived with her husband, General Turr, at Pallanza ; his title of General had been given him by Victor Emmanuel in acknowledgment of the brilliant part he had played in the war of liberation ; he served with Garibaldi in '59 and '60, although his military career had begun as a lieutenant in the Austrian army. His sympathies, however, were always with the Italians, and when in 1849 the revolutionary Government of Hungary called on all Hungarians serving the House of Hapsbourg in Italy to desert, Turr went over to the Piedmontese, and was appointed Colonel of the Hungarian legion. His martial, handsome face was not often seen in Turin, but during his absence in Roumania Madame Turr used to visit her sister. Her blonde beauty and winning ways always brought round her a host of admirers, then suddenly without a word of warning the capricious woman would slip away, drive or walk alone to the station, accoutred as if for a drive or a call, enter a first-class carriage

and return to Pallanza, vividly enjoying in imagination the discomfiture of her swains, who would search for her disconsolately at the theatres and in her usual haunts, with the frank disregard of reserve or mystery which characterizes Italian gallantry. She was, however, as far as was known an irreproachable wife, and none of the conjugal episodes which marred the felicity of the Ratazzi marriage ever disturbed hers.

Admiral Persano who lost the battle of Lissa, and General Cigala who never won any, but who was a capital judge of horse-flesh and kept the Royal stud up to the standard of perfection of which Italy is justly proud, were brothers-in-law ; they had married English sisters. The Prince de Carignan, uncle of Victor Emmanuel, appreciated both ladies, and showed his regard by allowing them and their friends the use of his box at all the theatres. Cigala was a stout, jolly *bon vivant*, and he must have been much maligned by report if he did not aid and abet the King in many of his less creditable pursuits. He was of opinion

that a low-born mistress is less dangerous than a high-born favourite, and encouraged rather than repressed the tastes of his master for promiscuous love-making. He, however, staunchly supported Count Cavour in his opposition to the morganatic alliance of the King with Rosina.

Count Persano was the type of a naval officer in figure, manner, and general trimness. He proved himself to be an inferior commander when his strategic powers were called into play; but he was liked for his personal qualities, and his friends rallied round him after the public disgrace of his defeat. He related, with perhaps a little want of discretion, that when he left Genoa with his squadron officially on a mission to oppose the landing of Garibaldi in the kingdom of Naples, and to make him a prisoner, if possible, he sailed with secret orders on board, to be opened only at a certain distance from shore. They contained an intimation to deliver into the hands of the great Condottiere, or his messengers, a sum of two millions of francs, and not to interfere in any way with his plan of invasion. The result

of this double-dealing was, that the King and Queen, driven out of Naples, had to take refuge in Gaeta; it was the first step towards the final annexation of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies to Italy. Officers of the Swiss Guard, after returning to their country, have not hesitated to say that the insurrection in Naples would never have been crowned with success had the Swiss regiments still been in the city. They had been disbanded with a purpose; disaffection and suspicion had been sown with Machiavelian foresight, and when the King at last consented to their departure he deprived himself by that act of the only defenders on whose fidelity he could count, and who would have laid down their lives as loyally to protect his throne and person, as their forefathers had done to save Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. The anger and discontent of the Swiss officers was born of the feeling that they had been made the tools of treachery. One of them, who had lingered long in the casemates of Gaeta with the heroic Queen of Naples, used to shake his fist and say fiercely, when the total

surrender of Naples was spoken of, "Ah! had we been there all this would not have happened."

The Duke of Genoa, father of Queen Margherita, in no way resembled his brother Victor Emmanuel. He was taller, fairer, slimmer, and handsomer. Equally brave—for he was wounded in battle—he lacked the extraordinary power which the King exercised over his troops. There was a strange and unaccountable fascination for the army in that square, thick-set figure; in the irregular features, deriving their strength from the deep, flashing eye; in the heavy moustache so fiercely twirled over the full lip. Victor Emmanuel—a magnificent rider—electrified the soldiers on horseback; never was the effect he produced more striking than when he made his public entry into Florence, after the annexation of Tuscany. Side by side with enthusiasm—spontaneous or commanded—there was a strong feeling of antagonism towards the usurper and distrust of the alien, among the new populations he came to claim as his own, as well as among the alien troops who had taken the fresh oath of allegiance to the House of

Savoy. A disinterested spectator could note a want of spontaneity in the applause, almost as ominous as silence, when the head of the military *cortége* made its appearance; but when the King rode forward on his powerful charger, the same that had carried him at Solferino, and as the horse reared and pawed the air, he lifted his sword on high and saluted the crowd, a thundering cheer burst from every mouth, and long shouts of "*Viva el Ré*" followed his retreating figure. Even his enemies were carried away, and in that brief moment, more than by statesman's craft or battles won, he asserted himself King of Italy.

The Duke of Genoa had married a daughter of King John of Saxony, a pale, blonde woman. When he died in that winter of 1855, which plunged the House of Savoy in a treble mourning—for it had witnessed also the death of the Queen and Queen-mother—the Duchess of Genoa, mother of two young children, appeared inconsolable. However, not many years later, the news of her second marriage took the country by surprise, and caused as much consternation as wonder. There was living then in Turin a young officer called Rapallo,

who had no particular merit, no particular grace ; he was able to bear the title of Marquis because once at a reception of military men King Charles Albert had carelessly addressed his father by that title, and on being made to notice his mistake, had said—" Well, let it stand, the King does not take back what he has once given." It was that same young officer whom the Duchess of Genoa—the sister of one monarch, the daughter of another—announced her determination to take as a husband, in spite of all obstacles, and she carried her point. She had not the excuse of overweening love, for in a capital so comparatively small as Turin no *liaison* or intrigue would have existed between the Duchess and Rapallo without becoming known. They had never been seen to meet or exchange any but commonplace words ; no clandestine intercourse was ever suspected ; and even after the marriage had actually taken place there seemed no tenderness or affection in the relations of the strangely-assorted couple. Even after the bride had succeeded, not without difficulty, in appeasing the first anger of the King, Rapallo did not take in her establishment the position of a husband ;

he never sat down before her unless bidden, and his functions seemed more those of a major-domo or a chamberlain. The future status of the Duchess, both in her own and adopted country, was the subject of delicate diplomatic negotiations. The King of Saxony declared that he would not acknowledge his daughter as Princess of the Blood if the King of Sardinia did not maintain her in her rank and prerogatives as Duchess of Genoa. The King of Sardinia made a counter declaration to the same effect, and a *statu quo* seemed inevitable, when, through the tact and conciliatory spirit of Count de Launay, Piedmontese Minister at Berlin, accredited in the same capacity to Dresden, who had been entrusted with the negotiation of this affair, it was at last satisfactorily arranged. The mother of the future Queen of Italy, and of the youthful Prince Thomas, lost neither rank nor position by her inexplicable *mésalliance*, and retained the guardianship of her children.

Opinions were divided upon the motives that could have actuated her : some believed that she had fallen a victim to an unscrupulous intrigue ; others, and those not the least likely to know,

affirmed that hers was but one of the many marriages hastily concluded by a frightened woman to avoid the consequences and scandal of a hidden *liaison*, and that Rapallo, who had been *Officier d'Ordonnance* to the late Duke of Genoa, had either sacrificed himself, or been worked upon to save the honour of the Duchess, compromised by the Marchese D——, a married man, who could not take upon himself the responsibilities of a possible and dreaded event. It was also added, that the alarm of the Duchess proving false, she had not forgiven Rapallo the step she had taken to protect herself, and with feminine cruelty avenged on him, by coldness and contempt, her rash and causeless precipitation.

Years as they rolled on softened the asperities of this ill-assorted union, and brought the peace and trust which had at first been wanting. Rapallo died in cruel pain from a cancer on the tongue, and the Duchess of Genoa nursed him throughout the lingering disease as faithfully and unremittently as the most loving wife could have done.

VIII.

Troubled times in 1860—Pio Nono—Talleyrand—Nicholas I.—Dowager Empress of Russia—Annexation of Naples—Gaeta—The Seals of Italy—King Jerome's death—Society in Berlin—Etiquette—Grand Duchess Marie of Leuchtenberg—Countess Adlerberg—Baroness de Budberg.

TOWARDS the middle of the year 1859 Piedmont became alive to the conviction that it had been cheated in the Peace of Villafranca, and resolved to "*far da sé*," as the universal phrase then went, and to accomplish the unification of the whole Peninsula by driving King Francis out of Naples, and the Pope, Pius IX., out of Rome. At the same time Poland was once more in ferment; "the great crucified of nations," as Cherbuliez has called her, had another spasm of independence, and harboured the impossible wish of making Prince Radziwill its king; a plan so improbable that it can only be compared to the supposed

proposal made by the head of the House of Rothschild to the great powers: they would recognize him as King of the Holy Land under its old name of Judæa, and in return for their protectorate he would pay into their coffers a large annual sum. This plan was seriously discussed by some credulous people, and objected to by those of religious views, on the plea that, were such a combination approved of by Christians, it would be flying in the face of the New Testament, and authorizing the Jews to regain possession of the land from which they had been exiled by the word of God.

The Pope requested the Sardinian Minister to leave Rome in October, and issued a proclamation against the King, whom he called a usurper. As the months rolled on events occurred which still further embittered the relations between the European States; an alliance between Austria and Prussia was strongly advocated in both countries, and Napoleon avowed his intention of forsaking his old ally, Piedmont, if an invasion of Central Italy took place. In March, 1860, the demon-

strations against the Papacy became more and more frequent in Rome ; the Pope threatened to excommunicate Victor Emmanuel, whom he considered as the chief cause of the disaffection in the States of the Church, fostered by him to suit his ambitious schemes. However, when the Bull of excommunication was promulgated at St. Peter's on the last day of the month, and a strong clerical counter demonstration hailed it with enthusiasm, the King's name did not appear. Pio Nono had no personal animosity against Carlo Alberto's son, and liked to consider the House of a Savoy as a dutiful child of the Church. He was not only the kindest of men but the most placable, and perhaps as the consequence of these qualities—a weak one. He had been carried away by a vision of reforms in the Papal Government at the beginning of his reign, and had made concessions which had filled the Romans with joy and stimulated the rest of Italy to similar efforts ; but he recoiled from the further liberties which the people, inflamed by the French Revolution of 1848, demanded of him, and retrograded on the road of

progress as hastily and imprudently as he had taken rapid strides onward. The disappointed hopes of the Romans begat ingratitude, and they banished the Pontiff, in whose honour they had written hymns. Gentle, pious, and patient, the Pope bore his exile at Gaeta and Portici with the same resignation that had upheld him, when, after Count Rossi's assassination in the streets of Rome, he had to fly that city in disguise. He harboured no animosity against his enemies, his tender, beautiful smile and kindly words were ever ready for all, and many traits of his forbearance and mansuetude are on record. It was he who pronounced the characteristic words, "Kneel, my son, the blessing of an old man can do no harm," when an Englishman, who had demanded an audience out of curiosity, refused to do violence to his staunch Protestant tenets by bending the knee before the Holy Father.

Giovanni Mastai Ferretti was not in his youth destined to the Church; he had a strong vocation for the army, and entered the *Guardia Nobile* of Pius VII. As a handsome, dashing officer

he made the acquaintance of Lady Clementina Villiers, daughter of the Earl of Clarendon, who was visiting Rome. He fell ardently in love with her, and was loved in return ; no objection could be raised to their marriage, as the family of Ferretti was as noble as the English Earl's, but Lady Clementina was a strict Protestant, young Mastai a fervent Catholic ; neither would abjure their faith, neither consent to a mixed marriage, and they parted for ever. The *Garde Noble* became a priest, and petitioned to be sent on a distant mission to Chili. But for that thwarted love he would never have been the Pope Pio Nono.

Already in April rumours of skirmishes on the frontier startled the expectant neutrals. General Lamoricière left France to take the command of the *Pontefici*, hoping to oppose the advance of the Piedmontese and the march of the Revolution, but he was defeated, and the volunteers who had joined him dispersed. Garibaldi losing neither time nor opportunities landed at Marsala with a body of irregular troops, soon supplemented by

regiments of the line, and being furnished with the sinews of war by the Piedmontese Government, made a successful advance.

In view of the importance of events, the Regent of Prussia meets the Emperor Napoleon at Baden-Baden. In September the Piedmontese National Guard is mobilized, the Count of Syracuse comes to Turin, Garibaldi is triumphant at Naples, King Francis virtually a prisoner at Gaeta, the Sardinian troops enter the *Cattolica*, and France recalls her Minister, Count de Talleyrand Perigord, from Turin.

This diplomat, as prudent as he was astute, afterwards came to Berlin. He had married the enormously wealthy and only daughter of a Monsieur Bernardaky, a Russian financier, who had made his fortune by lucky speculations carried on with unscrupulous audacity. Madame de Talleyrand was graceful and attractive without being pretty, and wore the biggest diamonds with careless prodigality. Two of those stones, as large as nuts, hung from the long ends of the velvet ribbon called "*Suivez moi jeune homme*," which all women then wore

round their necks, and which tied behind fell to the hem of their gowns. She lost one of her diamonds at a garden-party, and seemed in no way concerned about its recovery, saying only with her languid Russian accent, "It was probably badly fastened."

Count Talleyrand, the nephew of the last Duke of Montmorency, was authorized by a decree of Napoleon III. in 1864, to bear the old historical name and title in addition to those he already possessed.

King Victor Emmanuel entering the kingdom of Naples at the head of his army, a medal is struck in commemoration of the victorious campaign; Russia withdraws her whole Legation from Turin, and Marquis Sauli, Sardinian Minister at Petersburg, leaves that city with his subordinates; the Regent of Prussia goes to Warsaw to meet the Emperor Alexander III., but the news of the serious illness of the Dowager Empress hurries the departure of the Czar, and compels him to put off a review and state dinner and start precipitately for his capital. The Regent, who had gone to the interview unaccompanied by his Minister de

Schleinitz, returned, and nothing transpired in public of what had actually taken place during the brief meeting.

The Empress Dowager of Russia died on the 1st of November, 1860. She was sister of the King of Prussia and widow of Nicholas I., who visited Berlin repeatedly, a deep and mutual regard existing between the brothers-in-law. His last visit was during the Regency of the Prince of Prussia, and among other festivities given in his honour, was a gala performance at the Opera-house. The entire pit was occupied by officers; the balcony, and boxes on the left of the central Royal box, by the Diplomatic Corps and "*Excellenzen*"; the opposite seats by the Berlin aristocracy and the bulk of society. All admissions were, as usual in such cases, by invitations issued by the Master of Ceremonies. When the Regent entered the roomy, brilliantly-lit box, with its row of gilded arm-chairs in front and other rows of crimson chairs behind, accompanied by the Czar and the Princess of Prussia, a low murmur of admiration for the stalwart beauty of Nicholas I. came from the

audience as they rose to their feet. Accustomed as the Germans are to the fine presence of their own princes, they could not help being struck with the superior physique and splendid form of the Moscovite ruler, indeed "every inch a king." In his dazzling white uniform, with numerous orders on his breast, his silver, eagle-crowned helmet resting on his arm, he realized the ideal of those demi-gods of legends and traditions whose doughty deeds were as natural to them as the air they breathed. Without exaggeration, and setting aside the glamour of the frame in which that noble figure appeared that night, it is not too much to say, that he stood out unequalled and unsurpassed. His features and expression were as commanding as his form ; it was easy to realize how, in his own capital, issuing from his palace alone and unarmed, he quelled the revolt of the troops clamouring in the square, by the magic of his look, and saw the soldiers drop upon their knees before him. He then bore no trace of the disease which not long after carried him off. Atrophy of the lungs it was called, and scientifically speaking may

have been the primordial cause of his death ; but if ever a man died of a broken heart the Emperor Nicholas was that man. As a ruler he never recovered from the disaster of the Crimea, or, as a father, from the loss of the adored young daughter he buried at Tzarcoselo. His widow was always delicate, and finally succumbed to a horrible and fortunately rare disease, the particulars of which were too painful to bear recording. She travelled all over Europe to find relief—cure she knew there was none. Her expenses on those occasions were stupendous ; her suite consisted of no less than two hundred persons, and there seemed absolutely no limit to the outlay incurred for the accommodation of the invalid lady. At Vevey, in Switzerland, where she had decided to stop for twenty-four hours, the Hôtel-des-Trois-Couronnes was engaged beforehand—the landlord dismissing all the travellers already in residence and refusing others ; the charges he made were so exorbitant that they amounted to his receipts for two years, admitting the house to be full the whole time.

When the Empress died, as had already been the case at the death of Emperor Nicholas, the news arrived by wire in Berlin several hours before the one stated in the telegrams, owing to the difference of time between the two capitals. A mourning of one month was ordered, and the Princes Charles and Albert of Prussia, her younger brothers, went to attend the funeral at St. Petersburg. Almost at the same time the health of King Frederick William, which had been comparatively better again, caused serious anxiety, and it was feared he would not survive his sister. He was then at Potsdam showing signs of flickering intelligence, which, after so long a period of total mental aberration, was considered as a fatal symptom.

In the month of November the Sardinian Legations abroad began to seal their official correspondence with a new seal, bearing no longer the cross of Savoy, but the arms of the kingdom of Italy. This gave rise to a little incident tending to prove the existence of a *Cabinet Noir* in the Prussian post-office. The Minister was asked by the Department why, having received the new seals,

he continued to use the old ones, and being able to affirm that all the despatches leaving his office had the second imprint, it was supposed that the Prussian officials had either not noticed the change or were as yet unprovided with a duplicate.

The animosity between the representatives of the different belligerent countries was resumed with added vigour, and was, if possible, more puerile and grotesque than the preceding year. It would have been well if, instead of indulging in unworthy demonstrations, they had followed the example given by King Francis at Gaeta, who, hearing that three barques under the Sardinian flag were tossing in distress at the mouth of the harbour during a severe storm, gave orders that they should be signalled to enter the port, and remain under his protection until the weather allowed them to pursue their course.

The Queen of Naples, although beginning to suffer from the long confinement in the fortress, so foreign to her active habits, was unremitting in her endeavours to cheer, console, and encourage the garrison, and was the idol of the soldiers.

Meanwhile Ancona had capitulated, Garibaldi had captured two thousand prisoners, the Piedmontese army, with Victor Emmanuel at its head, had entered Naples, and in December an armistice was proposed. France, in order to compel Francis to accept it, threatened to withdraw her fleet. The King remaining obdurate, the French ships departed at the beginning of 1861; the bombardment of Gaeta recommenced, and disorder broke out in the Abbruzzi. The resistance of the beleaguered could not be long protracted; provision and ammunition were exhausted, and it capitulated. General Cialdini entered in triumph; the King and Queen left their last stronghold on a French frigate, and sought refuge in Rome. Immediately afterwards the first *Italian* Parliament was opened by Victor Emmanuel in Turin, with a short, telling address; and out of the two hundred and fifty-two deputies, two hundred and fifty voted enthusiastically for the proclamation making him King of Italy. Before another month was over, England had recognized the new kingdom—an example followed by France in June only.

Death had again been busy among the Royal families. King Jerome of Westphalia died in Paris in June, caring more for his son in America by his first marriage than for the three children of his second wife. He had never quite forgiven himself for having his marriage with Elizabeth Patterson annulled, in obedience to the dictates of ambition, when his brother placed him on a throne. He died almost obscurely—neither Prince Napoleon nor Princess Mathilde Demidoff grieved much for their father, and whatever popularity he had retained was neither flattering nor enviable. The people of Paris, so quick to pick up a joke and point a satire, had associated him with the hero of Offenbach's song, "*Quand j'étais Roi de Béotie*," in *Orphée aux Enfers*, with some justice, it must be owned, for the old dethroned sovereign was very prone to allude to the days of his elevation on every possible occasion.

The Duke of Mecklembourg Strelitz died in September; his wife was the eldest daughter of the Duke of Cambridge. In the same month passed away the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, second

wife of Prince Albert's father. All the German reigning families being related with each other, and with the countless dynasties of the Confederation that were mediatized after '48, Court mournings were extremely frequent, limited, in certain cases, to three days only, but always strictly observed by the "*hoffähig*"¹ among the community whenever they appeared in society or at the play, but not so rigorously during the daytime. The printed announcement was delivered by hand at each house from the office of the Master of Ceremonies, and contained the most minute instructions. Sometimes, when the Carnival had been saddened by many consecutive mournings, a mandate was issued permitting white to be worn at certain specified balls, instead of the obligatory black. No mourning was allowed at Court, so that ladies having to wear it for private bereavements never appeared at the Palace. At a Royal marriage it was considered in bad taste to wear white, that distinction remaining the exclusive prerogative of

¹ The term applied to every person having admittance to Court; literally, "capable of Court."

the bride. Certain furs—ermine, for instance—were tacitly supposed to be monopolized by the royalties ; —a foreign woman who appeared in Berlin with a cloak trimmed with ermine, was almost mobbed at first under the impression that she was a Royal Highness, and afterwards informed that she was committing a vague infringement of etiquette by continuing to wear it.

The Court never went to any entertainment or *fête* given by foreign diplomats—there were no ambassadors in those days—save when a member of the Royal Family they represented happened to be present. Thus the Court assisted at the ball given by Lord Bloomfield to the Prince of Wales, by the Marquis de Moustiers to Prince Napoleon, by the Count de Launay to King Umberto ; but the royalties numbered in force at the *Ministeriums*, and at the house of the German nobles who received ; they were always most gracious and sociable, and seemed to enjoy themselves. The princesses danced every dance, sending their respective chamberlain to inform their partner of the honour they intended for him, and were only invited first by princes.

It was obligatory on every lady to throw over other engagements if asked for the same dance by a Royal Highness, but she maintained them in the case of Serene Highnesses applying last. In Berlin, as in nearly all Germany, it was customary to make engagements, especially for the cotillon, not only at the beginning of the ball, but days and even weeks in advance—engaged lovers dancing for years the last and first dance together. The balls at the Schloss invariably began with a *Polonaise*, a sort of rapid march or promenade ; the Sovereign leading the way with the highest Royal lady present was followed by other couples observing the same rules of precedence, and a certain number of guests joined, exchanging partners as they went, till the music ceased, and the ordinary proceedings were entered upon. The suppers were on a large and magnificent scale, but there were *Wasser Bälle* that ended early, and where only light refreshments were served.

The Grand Duchess Marie de Leuchtenberg, a daughter of Emperor Nicholas, visited Berlin with her two sons, fine little boys wearing the Russian

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dress ; the red silk shirt embroidered on the shoulders, the full velvet trousers tucked in the high-tasselled boots, and the broad sash or belt is eminently picturesque and becoming to children. Their mother was still a beautiful woman ; she had all the Russian adaptability and grace, and was one of the most admired and brilliant women of the Court of St. Petersburg. She had been the heroine of a little comedy enacted off the stage by the inimitable actor Bressant, not then belonging to the *Comédie Française*, but already a distinguished artist, and giving full promise of the talent which was to reap for him the envied place of *Sociétaire* to the first theatre of the world. He was with a French company in St. Petersburg, and much appreciated. The Grand Duchess Marie had been fascinated by his excellent manners and gentlemanly bearing, and had had several opportunities of judging them—actors in Russia being particularly well treated in society. How far she let him see her partiality, or in what way he responded to it, was never clearly ascertained, only after a little supper, prolonged far into the night, at which she

and Bressant were present, the actor received a summary order to leave the capital and the country without delay, and was accompanied as far as the frontier by the mysterious and occult emissaries of the far-seeing, far-reaching, omnipresent and omniscient Russian Police. He was, however, given to understand that no blame whatever attached to *him*.

The wife of the Russian military *attaché*, General Count Adlerberg, was a striking figure among the most conspicuous in Berlin society. Of German origin, irregularly descended from a Princess of Thurn and Taxis, she was distantly related to the Hohenzollerns. She had been so marvellously beautiful that the Count, her second husband, declared he had never forgotten the impression he received when he saw her for the first time. She had been married very young to Baron de Krüdener, Russian Minister in Norway and Sweden; he was a sombre, hard, violent, and exceedingly clever man; he had lost one arm, and his jealous disposition fitted him ill to be the husband of a universally-admired woman.

After several violent scenes they separated. The Emperor Nicholas, who had a warm admiration for Madame de Krüdener, facilitated the separation by every possible means, and it would undoubtedly have ended in a divorce had not the Czar discovered that he had a rival in the person of Count Adlerberg. Actuated in his turn by unconscious displeasure, he no longer felt the same inclination to free her from her conjugal fetters, so that the course of the new love ran anything but smoothly. Madame de Krüdener and Count Adlerberg—who found himself suddenly out of favour at Court—lived apart from the world on the Bosphorus, till the opportune death of Baron Krüdener enabled them to legalize their union and return to society as man and wife. Count Adlerberg, reinstated in the Czar's good graces, came to Berlin as Military Envoy, and by a ukase of Alexander II. the certificate and inscriptions of his marriage were antedated by several years.

Madame d'Adlerberg, whose imposing beauty survived youth, was formed by nature to hold sovereign sway; her conversation was brilliant,

her instruction vast and varied; she had read much, French was as familiar to her as Russian or German; she was charitable and generous, a second Madame de Swetchine, with the rare faculty—that seems lost with the disappearance of the great ladies of the last century—of saying audacious things, of relating risky anecdotes, of throwing an epigram or pointing a repartee without imperilling dignity of manner, or the exquisite self-respect of a gentlewoman. She was highly appreciated by the Regent, adored by the younger princes, worshipped by her husband, and had a unique *salon* in Berlin. Naturally she was disliked by the women of the Diplomatic corps; her position *with* them, but not *of* them, caused irritation, as also her careless indifference to all claims of seniority or precedence. It mattered little to her if at Court her appointed place, in virtue of her husband's office, was below the Russian Envoy's wife, for she was certain of being soon singled out with flattering distinction by some member of the Royal Family, and beckoned to the charmed circle around the throne:

The Russian Minister, Baron Budberg, was the only diplomat whose Government owned a palace in Berlin for its Legation. It was, and is to this day, a fine building, situated Unter den Linden, and was always occupied by the Czar when he visited Berlin. Although the house was his, in consideration of any expense or inconvenience his short stay might cause, he regularly compensated it by allowing the Minister a whole year's extra salary. A few dinners and one ball constituted the sum total of the hospitalities of the Legation, with now and then some private theatricals—always in French. Madame de Budberg gradually became more reserved and morose; her health did not seem affected, and the doctors were baffled. One day she had herself driven to Charlottenburg, alighted, walked into the park, stood over a small bridge across the end of the lake where the carp are fed, leaned over, disappeared in the water, and was drowned. Nobody believed in so improbable an accident, assigning various reasons for her death—some of a purely domestic nature—but the truth was never known, her husband and family

persistently denying a suicide, and keeping up the fiction of a fatality. Baron Brunnnow, who afterwards went as Russian Minister to London, was M. de Budberg's successor, and lived *en garçon*, as was his wont, Madame de Brunnnow never quite liking the place to which he was accredited, and under some pretext or other selecting a different residence.

IX.

Death of King Frederick William IV.—*Trauerhof*—Charlottenburg—Italian Special Envoys—La Marmora—Incident of the Coronation at Koenigsberg—Death of Pedro V.—Royal Theatres—Trebelli—Faure—Lucca—Offenbach—Actors—Opera Balls—Society—Ballets—Countess Rossi (Sontag).

THE year 1860 closed gloomily. For twenty-four hours the condition of the King of Prussia had been desperate. On the Tuesday morning, January 1st, the news of his death came from Potsdam, but it proved false, and with intermittent, lingering returns to life the day wore on, till at twenty minutes past midnight, on the Wednesday, he breathed his last. The cold was intense, far beyond the average even in those northern latitudes, and yet it increased in severity, till it culminated on the day of the funeral, which took place on the 7th of January, at Potsdam, with an enormous display of troops, in presence of

the whole Diplomatic Corps, who, with the Cabinet Ministers and other dignitaries, had to leave Berlin at a very early hour to be conveyed to the Friedenskirche, where the ceremony took place. Notwithstanding the distance, the snow and the bitter temperature, the concourse of people was immense, and the whole proceedings went off without hitch or delay. The cavalry soldiers were allowed to wrap their stirrups in straw, to prevent the steel freezing to their boots; all possible precautions were taken to protect the troops against the inclemency of the weather, but yet a great many men were so seriously affected by the excessive cold that a large number of frozen limbs had to be afterwards amputated. Officers themselves suffered severely, and it must be confessed that they bore the long immobility, under such painful circumstances, with unmurmuring fortitude.

The Prince of Prussia, on his accession to the throne under the name of William I., made no immediate changes in his policy or his *entourage*. The *statu quo* of the Regency remained unimpaired; nor did he leave his own palace to take up his

residence at the Schloss. A general mourning of three months was commanded for the whole nation, its duration being extended to six for the Court and those appertaining to it—the same as for a father. The carriages, even of private individuals, were in many instances draped, and the harness of the horses showed no gleam of varnish or flash of silver. All the footmen wore black *aiguillettes*, the only relief of colour in liveries being in the uniform of the Chasseurs, who merely wore broad bands of crape on their arm and over the cockade of their plumed hats.

The mourning for ladies was very deep. They were instructed to wear plain, long, woollen dresses, with no trimming whatever on body, skirt, or sleeve, even the fastenings and buttons having to be invisible—no jet ornaments, brooches, or ear-rings were allowed; a fold of crape encircled the neck and wrists; the hair was entirely covered with the same material, forming a point on the forehead; this point, after the first month, was dispensed with, allowing the front hair only to be seen.

On the 31st of January the widowed Queen

Elizabeth came to Berlin to hold a *Trauerhof* at the Schloss—an imposing but painfully lugubrious function. She sat enthroned in a tall, high-backed chair, raised on a *dais* against the wall, in a comparatively small apartment entirely hung with black, from which the light of day was rigorously excluded, sparsely lit with wax candles—or, at least, it seemed dim coming to it from the sunny rooms preceding it. The Queen remained motionless in her long black robes, wrapped in a veil that completely shrouded her—a sort of white stole falling to her feet broke the deep darkness of her figure. One by one the ladies passed before her in absolute silence, curtsied low before the throne, and vanished by the opposite door. They had added nothing to their high, plain, ordinary gowns save long, open sleeves dropping from the shoulder, over the tight ones, nearly to the hem of the dress, and a crape veil very long behind and lowered over their faces to the waist in front. Shoes and gloves were lustreless—not a jewel to be seen. The whole pageant was brief and solemn, strangely weird and unnatural; it seemed like entering into a tomb

whose occupant was yet alive ; and although but a minute or two had been passed in the darkened chamber, when it was left behind the daylight came with a shock, like the surprise of long disuse.

The apartments occupied by the late King at Charlottenburg were closed, and orders given that they should not be disturbed and left just as they were when he last lived in them. The palace was given as a residence to Queen Elizabeth, and she spent there most of the twelve years of her widowhood. She had never been beautiful, her only redeeming feature being fine dark eyes ; she was very perceptibly lame, and had to use a stick ; she had taken little or no part in public affairs ; without being popular she was liked for her many deeds of kindness, and never elicited blame or disapproval.

The Palace of Charlottenburg is old-fashioned and gloomy, of a bastard style of architecture, and furnished in poor taste. Its only recommendation, at that time, and perhaps even now, is that it is within an easy drive of the capital, reached by a three-mile avenue of trees, situated in a fine park,

possessing the largest Persian lilac trees in the world, and having both umbrage and water—the two desiderata sadly lacking in the sandy March of Brandenburg—which is only studded at rare intervals by a few green oases, such as Tegel, the Grönewald, and Treptow on the Spree, where the Berlinese go to eat huge *écrevisses* in a rustic fashion, served with a pile of paper napkins.

Soon after the death of the King, Lord Bloomfield was exchanged from Berlin to Vienna, and was much regretted in the former city. He was the most genial and amiable of diplomats; Lady Bloomfield, with just a suspicion of blue stocking about her, which made her much sought after by the learned and profound Germans, presided over the British Legation with a hospitality that became it. They left before the arrival of several of the special Embassies sent from all countries to do homage to the new King. Italy sent General de La Marmora, and with him came Count Charles Robilant, an officer of artillery, whose career, young as he was, had already been brilliant, and was destined to be still more so, as in later years

he successively filled the posts of Ambassador at Vienna, Minister of Foreign Affairs in Rome, and has been appointed to the Italian Embassy in London, but not before leaving the service with the title of General. He was the son of Countess Robilant, Lady-in-Waiting on Marie Thérèse, Duchess of Tuscany, wife of Charles Albert. The austere Monarch had a deep regard for the beautiful Countess, and a paternal interest in her son Charles. It was not through this high protection only, but through his own merit that the young man advanced in the army. He behaved with great bravery at the battle of Novara. A bullet struck him, and with his shattered arm hidden in his coat, he went to head-quarters to obtain from his father, General Robilant, the authorization to withdraw to the rear. "What! retire before the enemy's face?" exclaimed the irate General, not noticing his son's pallor. "Never!" The young man drew forth his hand, which hung by shreds from the wrist, and fell senseless at his father's feet. The shed in which the amputation was performed by the ambulance surgeons, was taken

and retaken three times by the contending armies, and it had to be done so hurriedly that for many years Count Charles suffered intolerable pain in his maimed limb.

General de La Marmora was held in high esteem in Piedmont, and not without just cause, for he had held important posts in the army; he materially aided the French in the Crimea, especially at the Tchernaiïa, and Cavour had made him Minister of War in his Cabinet. He was a tall, spare man, with a long, narrow face, a brusque and kindly manner; the subalterns liked him better than the officers of higher rank, and he always had a partiality for the artillery in memory of his earlier days of service. He was not much of a man of the world, and when out of uniform—in which he looked every inch a soldier—he was sadly negligent of appearance and dress. The martinet, whose eye detected a flaw in button or epaulette, would unconcernedly sit down to a dinner-party in a frock-coat, the sleeves of which shamelessly displayed the wristbands of a flannel shirt. In spite of this the General created a very good impression in Berlin,

and when not discharging official duties and social obligations, enjoyed himself immensely in "doing" the city and environs. He had retained a boyish fondness for the circus, and patronized the very excellent one Berlin possessed. He was lucky in seeing there the famous Léotard, then in his prime, whose acrobatic success was enormous, but who could not veraciously record during his stay any of the feminine conquests which it pleased him in his memoirs to count elsewhere by the score. Léotard was the son of a professor of gymnastics at Toulouse, who invented the great swinging trapeze feat and trained his son to it, making the boy practise over sufficiently deep water to break his fall. To his Provençal origin may be attributed the lively exaggerations and fabulous stories suggested by his conceit.

Shortly after La Marmora returned to Piedmont, he succeeded General Cialdini as Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the King of Italy, and in 1864 became President of the Council. Then his good fortune forsook him, and the battle of Custozza, which he lost against the Austrians—

having once more taken active service—damaged his prestige, and in the eyes of his countrymen dimmed the lustre of his past exploits.

On the 11th of February a Prussian mission was sent to Turin to officially announce the accession of the King to the throne, and once again in the same year Italy sent another Embassy, who, with the Envoy Extraordinary, Count de Launay, represented her at the Coronation at Koenigsberg. Count de Launay had already been for several years Sardinian Minister in Berlin, and filled the post to the satisfaction of his Government, and in a fashion that won him the confidence of Prussia. Italy, through his agency, had been recognized before the month of October, and the name of Sardinian States was a thing of the past. The Diplomatic Corps was conveyed from Berlin to Koenigsberg on the 6th of October in a special train, each carriage being marked with a label bearing the names of the respective countries. When Count de Launay arrived at the station with his suite, he was directed to the carriage reserved for him, and found written on it the word *Sardaigne*. He

refused to enter it, complaining to the Master of Ceremonies of an error which might or might not imply a slight, but which certainly was a want of courtesy, and which, if he submitted to it, might serve as a precedent to justify further unpleasantness at the end of the journey. There were profuse apologies, declarations of the impossibility to remedy the mistake, and entreaties that the train should not be longer delayed by useless objections. Count de Launay remained firm; as *Italian* Envoy he would not enter into a carriage marked *Sardinia*. Finally the affair was compromised; a workman was sent for who removed the obnoxious label, and on his arrival at his destination, the Minister received a personal apology from the King, who expressed himself much annoyed, and promised that on his return to Berlin Count de Launay would travel under the new accurate denomination.

The distant city of Koenigsberg had been selected for the coronation, notwithstanding its difficulty of access, in memory of the historical event of 1701, when the Elector of Brandenburg was crowned first

King of Prussia within its walls under the name of Frederick I. France was represented by Marshal Mac Mahon, England by Lord Clarendon, and Belgium by the Comte de Flandres.

The young King of Portugal, Dom Pedro V., did not long survive his wife. He and one of his brothers died within a few days of each other, of malignant scarlet fever, in the beginning of November. The second son of Doña Maria ascended the throne. A year later he married Maria Pia, the younger daughter of Victor Emmanuel, who resembled her sister Princess Clotilde in nothing save her sincere piety; she had a lively, joyous, laughter-loving disposition, and had always been the favourite of her father and brothers.

In the absence of Court festivities during the beginning of 1861, and after the first weeks of mourning, the theatres were much frequented in Berlin. The two Royal houses had necessarily been closed for a short time after the King's death, both the Opera and the Schauspielhaus being in a great measure the Sovereign's property, and

receiving a considerable subvention from his privy purse. Without his assistance it would be impossible to keep them open during ten months of the year on the footing on which they stand. Not only do they possess regular companies of great excellence, but they invite artists as *Gäste*, who are well remunerated, and they produce a variety of operas and plays which is perfectly astounding. It rarely happens that the same performance takes place more than twice in a fortnight, and at the first house are given besides the operas, well-mounted *ballets*, and occasional performances of Goethe's *Faust*, which are acted there on account of the greater mechanical resources the management affords.

The State subsidy for the two Royal theatres is annually 2,500,000 marks—taking the actual currency, and not the old one of thalers. Out of this sum the Sovereign pays personally 450,000 marks, besides regularly covering the deficit at the Opera, which rarely amounts to less than 300,000 marks. On the other hand the Schauspielhaus generally closes its yearly

accounts with a profit. All the Royal Princes are expected to have their boxes, for which they pay a subscription, however rarely they occupy them, and even if they are not in residence for a considerable time. Every performance given by *Allerhöchstem Befehl*, that is by special command of His Majesty, as on the occasion of some State function, *fête*, or visit of other crowned heads, is paid for separately by the King, who takes every seat in the house, and selects the programme.

The Opera has 1649 seats, and can at ordinary prices hold 5100 marks. At the higher rates charged for certain spectacular operas, such as Wagner's, some elaborate ballets, or when a distinguished foreign artist is engaged, the aggregate "takings" are 8000 marks. The general superintendent has a salary of 18,000 marks and a house; the manager, 10,000; the leader of the orchestra, 6000. The members of the company belonging to the Opera are bound by their contracts to sing a certain number of times every month; the first Prima Donna sings on an average seventy-five times during the operatic year, and receives about 33,000 marks.

All the artists are entitled to pensions varying from 5000 to 8000 marks. They may be lent by the management during the time of their engagement to other theatres, but cannot enter into any agreement on their own account.

Madame Trebelli made her first serious *début* at the Berlin Opera; she came, so to speak, on trial in 1860, and was so much liked in her rendering of Arsace, of Maddalena in *Rigoletto*, and other contralto parts, that she soon secured a permanent engagement. She was very young, with a boyish face and manner, wearing her curly hair short, and apparently devoid of vanity or conceit. She was accompanied by her father, a certain Monsieur Didier, a good honest-looking Frenchman, who might not improbably have exercised the calling of Parisian *concierge*, which was said to be his. He took his daughter regularly to the Catholic Church on Sundays and *fête* days, and was known to address her as *Zélie* without a suspicion of Italian accent. Mlle. Trebelli had the opportunity and advantage of singing in *Lucrezia Borgia* with Faure, who visited Berlin in '60; she was the

Maffio Orsini to his Duke, and in the *Segreto* won a rapturous *encore*. Some *dilettanti* went so far as to prophesy that a second Alboni was born to the stage, and that the young girl's voice wanted but a little maturity to be the finest contralto extant. But whether she did not possess the power attributed to her, or whether she overtaxed it then, it is certain, that good and conscientious singer as she is, she never reached the foremost rank of her profession.

Monsieur Faure's greatest success was in *Faust*; his Mephistopheles being considered a wonderful performance. However, the Germans praised his acting of the part more than its musical rendering; while they did justice to his admirable voice and phrasing, they criticized the *tremolo*, which, although allowed on the lyrical stage in Paris, is against all their art canons. In those days Faure was not yet bald, and was considered very good-looking; those who had only seen him as the tall, supple, sinewy Mephisto could not believe that he was below the middle height in stature, and inclined to stoutness. He had not yet made himself known

as a poet and composer, but those who conversed with him were invariably impressed by his gentlemanliness, his instruction, and his facility of expression.

Pauline Lucca was essentially a German Prima Donna, it may almost be said a Prussian one, for although she began her career in the chorus at Vienna, she was *discovered* by Meyerbeer at Olmütz, where she had taken the leading part at a minute's notice in the Opera of the Magic Flute. He was so pleased with her voice, that before she was twenty he had procured her an engagement at the Berlin *Opernhaus*. The Maestro stipulated in his will that Lucca alone should have the right to create the *Africaine* in Berlin, Vienna, and London, and his last wishes to that effect were scrupulously acted upon. By birth Pauline Lucca was Italian, the cousin of a musical publisher at Milan. She was very pretty, although she lost her good looks early; she had many admirers; the King, who was very attentive to artistes, showed her particular favour; Count Otto von Bismarck relaxed his severity before her fascinations so far

that she did not scruple to lend herself to a trick played upon him, which he bitterly resented, but was powerless to avenge. He met Lucca, by design or accident, at a certain photographer's, Unter den Linden, whose Polish name had been changed by the sobriquet-loving Berlinese into Graf Photo. Shortly after a *carte de visite* was privately circulated representing the Count on his knees before the Prima Donna. The copies were seized, the negative suppressed, but still it remained proved that with or without Lucca's complicity a hidden lens had focussed the tell-tale attitude.

After the death of Meyerbeer, her friend and protector, Pauline, faithful to his wishes and teachings, declined to sing Wagner's music, in spite of the pressure put upon her by the public and the management, so that when Frau Mallinger of Munich, a staunch Wagnerian, came to act in Berlin, a strong party declared for her, while the whilom favourite was received with silence or hisses. Lucca warned the superintendent that if a similar affront was again offered her she would retaliate on the audience. The next time she

appeared was in the *Nozze di Figaro*; she sang Cherubino, and Mallinger the Countess; the latter was loudly applauded, the former as loudly hissed. In the third act, when the Countess asks the page, "What news, Cherubino?" Lucca, very white under her rouge, pointing to a group of her enemies among the spectators, replied in clear incisive tones, "The newest thing is, that ill-bred people insult a woman." A formidable uproar received the audacious speech; the curtain had to be lowered, the police interfered and made a few arrests; after a while order was restored, and the public rose to call for Lucca. She came to the footlights, and in a voice tremulous with passion she said, with her Viennese accent, "I have always done my duty here—you have not done yours to me. I shall not sing for you again. Farewell." The next day she paid her forfeit of 25,000 marks, and left Berlin.

Her first husband was a Prussian officer; she did not live happily with him, and they were little together; but hearing that he lay wounded at Pont-à-Mousson, during the Franco-German War,

she hurried to his side, nursed him, brought him back to Berlin, and when he was completely cured, divorced him. She was married for the second time to Baron Wallhofen. Admirable artiste as she was, and perhaps the most ideal Marguerite that ever sang the part, she was neither clever nor particularly intelligent; these deficiencies were more apparent in the first years of her career than later on, when experience, travels, triumphs, the companionship of distinguished men, intercourse with two husbands, both gentlemen, had formed and expanded her mind. She used to see only the technical side of her parts, never troubled about the story, the character, or its ethics. She had been singing in *Faust* many times, when discussing the performance with an earnest student of Goethe's, he remarked, that it had always struck him as inconsistent that a woman who had sinned against chastity should be glorified in an apotheosis after murdering the offspring of her seduction. "Was Marguerite seduced? I did not know!" said Lucca, utterly unconscious of the surprising *naïveté* of her question.

Paris had received Bizet's *Carmen* coldly; Pauline Lucca was enthusiastic over it, and determined to make it a success. The part became one of her finest creations, and when poor Georges Bizet died, without having tasted the full flavour of his triumph, Lucca was already making his opera appreciated all over the world, and the French authors are indebted to her that they receive more than 40,000 francs a year in royalties. It was in the part of *Carmen* that Lucca—persuaded by the Emperor at Ischl to return once more to Berlin—appeared in her old theatre, and in the genuine and spontaneous applause of the audience forgot and forgave the affront received twenty years before, and rescinded the vow she had taken never to be seen on that stage again.

Offenbach, Frenchman *par excellence* in his compositions, was nevertheless a great favourite in Germany. The Germans forgot that he was French by his studies at the Conservatoire, French by choice and naturalization, and only remembered that he was born at Cologne, and that by virtue

of his birth they could claim him as their own. His *Orphée aux Enfers* was played hundreds of times in Berlin with a German text, and sometimes his operas were given in several different theatres at the same time; it is only fair to say that they were exceedingly well mounted, acted and sung even on the small stage of Kroll's, the decent Café Chantant and proper concert-garden, near the Thiergarten. This establishment was not, however, at one time visited by the ladies of the upper classes, although much frequented by the *bourgeoisie*, who were not averse to meeting the professional and *fractional* world, and to see the officers of the garrison lounging in and out of the terraces and gardens, or sitting at little tables under the illuminated trees with friends of both sexes. But one summer the female *beau monde*, tired of being restricted to the theatre or concert-room only, resolved to overstep the boundary and to consider it quite correct to finish the evening in the grounds. Several of the leaders of society were actually seen mingling *al fresco* with questionable characters, and it is said that they

were as much surprised as disgusted when they found that they could not lure their own admirers from the side of the syrens, whose attractions it suited them to ignore. After a few similar attempts they retreated beaten from the field, and as in the old game of "consequences" the world in general said that it served them right.

It is only fair to add that in those days, and even now, the movement which in England has brought the stage into the drawing-room did not exist; the line of demarcation was never overstepped; actors, actresses, and singers lived apart from society; they were always courteously treated when asked professionally, but far from being looked upon as an indispensable component of every fashionable entertainment, they were never bidden on the footing of the other guests.

When King William instituted the great opera balls during his Regency, he had in his mind to operate a fusion between the aristocracy and *bourgeoisie* on neutral ground, and saw the impossibility of banishing actors from their own territory.

They were subscription balls, three in number every year ; as it was known to be the King's wish, they were very well attended. A committee, who dispensed the tickets, had to ascertain the status of those to whom they were delivered ; each applicant had to declare his name and profession. One man calling himself a dramatic artist obtained his voucher, but was identified in the evening as one of the performers at the circus, and consequently not entitled to an admission ; he was not expelled, but the poor fellow did not gain much by his euphonious subterfuge, for he was sent to Coventry, and spent the night in absolute solitude.

For these balls the King gave away the Operahouse ; the front of the Royal box was removed, a broad shallow flight of carpeted steps led from it to the pit, which was boarded over and levelled with the stage ; the back of the latter was hidden by a wall of mirrors, the sides by banks of flowers and shrubs ; the whole aspect was extremely brilliant. The entire Court was present, the Royalties circulated among the guests, the Princes and Princesses danced. It was, however, impossible to prevent

a tacit division between the classes. As soon as the dance-music struck up, however affable the general intercourse might have been at the onset, the professionals all gathered in one spot, the *bourgeoisie* in another, society proper at the upper end. The unhappy officers found it extremely difficult to reconcile the claims of the fair, those in each set putting theirs forward, and on the whole came to the conclusion that a public fusion of classes necessitated tact and diplomacy beyond their limited strategic powers.

German actors are conscientious and painstaking, satisfactory also as long as they do not attempt to reproduce French plays ; they have enough literary respect not to mutilate them by adaptation, but they are constitutionally unable to represent volatile Frenchmen or high-born *grandes coquettes*. *Le Roman d'un jeune Homme Pauvre* was an artistic failure when given in German at Wallner's theatre, and so were many translations of good plays, while in original German ones the same companies were excellent. Comic actors in the estimation of com-

petent judges were superior to their tragic or dramatic colleagues, and in that respect, admirable as were the performances at the Schauspielhaus, where a certain classicality is maintained, the minor theatres drew more appreciative audiences. Helmerding and Weirauch were both remarkable comic actors, and imparted a racy individuality to such plays as the *Gebildete Hausknecht*, the *Gold Onkel*, the *Weltumsegler*, and others, eliciting roars of laughter by a quiet, humorous rendering, more than by loud effects. The above-mentioned artists were cleverly assisted by a sharp little woman named Schramm, who pattered the Berlinesse dialect with imperturbable gravity. A talent for reproducing the unmistakable Hebraic accent seems to belong to all German actors of any proficiency, and it is a sign of the innate dislike inspired by the Jews in a community of which, however, they form so large a portion, that any disparaging allusion, irony, ridicule, or contempt, cast at one of them in farce or comedy is always received with unalloyed enjoyment.

Nevertheless, undoubtedly the best exponents

of Shakespeare in a foreign tongue, as well as the most conscientious, are to be found in Germany, and this is due entirely to their profound admiration and reverence for his genius.

Marie Taglioni—a niece of the great Taglioni who married the Count Gilbert des Voisins, and having lost all her property ended her days obscurely—was for many years the reigning *danseuse* in Berlin. She was plump, graceful, dark-haired, and possessed the hereditary gift of her art. She was bound to the Opera-house by a long contract; she created the ballets of *Satanella* and *Ellinor*, written for her, and which after twenty-eight years are still on the *répertoire*, a little less fresh and pretty, however, than in the heyday of their popularity. Taking into account the great progress made in stage-machinery and scene-painting, the second of these ballets, called also *Veder Napoli e poi Morir*, strikes one retrospectively as having been a prodigy of scenic art. The now stale stage device of letting the scenery shift while the actors, who are supposed to move, remain stationary, was then first applied, and a really

magnificent panorama of the Bay of Naples was thus unrolled before the spectator. In the course of the action all countries were represented by their national dances; France among others by the "*Savate*," a popular exercise dear to the lower classes. At the period when the anti-French feeling was so general, in 1859-61, the *Savate* was regularly hissed.

It can be said with perfect veracity that there never was a time when a deep-rooted if suppressed animosity did not exist, actively or unconsciously, in every German breast, against France. It was not unusual to hear officers telling their partners at balls what they should do when they had taken Alsace and Lorraine, and how the rails were all ready to be laid down in the conquered provinces to take the armies onward. There never seemed to be in the military mind, young or old, the slightest doubt as to the eventual undertaking of this campaign, or its ultimate success.

Another instance of the barrier raised between professionals and society occurred in the case of the great singer Sontag. After she married Count

Rossi, the Sardinian diplomatist, and, as a matter of course, left the stage, she came with her husband to Berlin, where he had been appointed Minister. As his wife, she was received and treated exactly as any other lady of the Diplomatic Corps. She sang and acted in private theatricals, and Frederick William IV., who was very fond of this sort of entertainment, had little operas performed at the palace, where she sang, supported by members of her Legation, and of the Prussian aristocracy. She, however, always regretted her early triumphs, and when Count Rossi suddenly lost all his fortune, she promptly availed herself of the pretext thus afforded her, and returned to the stage on the plea of making money for her children. She gave several performances in minor German towns. The whole society of Berlin went to Hanover to give her an ovation, but when she sang at Berlin afterwards she was made to understand that, as far as social relations were concerned, she was no longer Countess Rossi, but the Sontag and Prima Donna she had elected to become once more. No one blamed her decision, but it was deemed

only fair that she should not reap the double privileges of the position she had abandoned, and the one she had resumed. Sontag, who had expected a different result, was deeply hurt, and left Europe for America, where she died. Her daughter was at Berlin awaiting the body of her mother, which was to arrive, *via* Hamburg, to be thence carried to Italy and buried in the family vault of the de Rossis; but the Elbe being frozen, the ship that conveyed the coffin remained many days at the mouth of the river, unable to proceed. Mlle. Marie Rossi, who had a fine voice, beguiled the tedium of expectation by singing at private parties, and accepting invitations. Her father used to wonder, somewhat querulously, how long "his poor dear wife" would remain frozen in the Elbe, as he wanted to hurry back to Italy and his occupations.

X.

Death of the Duke of Brabant—Typhus in Brussels—Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne—Benedetti—Empress Charlotte—Devaux—van Praat—King Leopold II.—Franco-German War—Marguerite Bellenger—Gounod—Salvini—Ristori—Schneider—French Actors in London.

EIGHTEEN hundred and sixty-nine brought a sore affliction to the Royal family of Belgium; the heir to the throne, a handsome, promising boy of ten, died at the castle of Laeken, on the 22nd of February. The King and Queen were beside themselves with grief; the former, especially, was entirely prostrated, and could scarcely command himself during the funeral ceremony; he broke down utterly when the small coffin was lowered into the vault. Sad little photographs were taken of the child after death, with a crucifix and flowers on his bosom, and they were treasured by many

as relics. The young Prince had an affectionate and engaging disposition; he was devotedly attached to his mother, and would listen at night for her return from the theatre. When he heard the carriage enter the courtyard, he slipped out of bed, and running barefooted to the window, threw her a kiss as she alighted. Captain Mercier, an Englishman, painted a large picture of the young Prince in the act of lifting a curtain and looking out of the window, holding an allegorical branch of lilies in his hand. This painting, executed shortly after the Duc de Brabant's death, was presented to the King by the artist, but he was then still so morbidly sensitive about his recent loss that, although he accepted the portrait, he declined to see it, and asked Baron Beaulieu to keep it at the Belgian Legation. He sent Captain Mercier a letter of thanks and a cheque for four hundred pounds. A few days later a paragraph appeared in several English papers relating the acceptance of Captain Mercier's picture by Leopold II., but fixing the sum received at *six* hundred pounds.

Captain Mercier had busied himself energetically with the Belgian volunteer movement, and generally managed the visits paid by the contingent to England. In 1871 Colonel Chambers gave a grand *fête* at his villa at Putney, for the distribution of prizes to the men, his wife dispensing her hospitality, and making appropriate speeches. Her strong Garibaldian propensities, her devotion to the Italian *condottiere* were characteristic enough to have entitled her to the honour of serving as a model for Disraeli's patriotic heroine in Lothair.

In the February following the death of the young Prince, a most malignant typhus raged in Brussels, and as if to give a grim denial to the doctrines of sanitation and good living, as if to overthrow the theories that bad drainage and overcrowding alone breed pestilence, the disease attacked almost exclusively the prosperous and healthy quarters of the city, and carried off its victims among the noble and wealthy. Hardly a house in the fashionable streets and avenues escaped the infection; the fever had

come with great suddenness, was at its height nearly as soon as it commenced, and raged itself out abruptly, having been as deadly as if it had extended over several months. The doctors were far from unanimous on the best treatment for this form of typhus; but it was afterwards found that the patients to whom the cold spray on the forehead had been administered, recovered in greater proportion than any others. The courage and abnegation of the clergy during the epidemic were truly admirable. Priests already feeling the approach of illness, or barely recovered from it, would drag themselves to the bed-side of their parishioners, carrying the sacraments and the consolations of religion to the sufferers, or saying the last prayers for the dead over the coffins that had to be closed and buried so soon after death had occurred.

During that time the political horizon was clouding over. European complications were apprehended. There had been disturbances in Paris already in June; the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, ambassador in London, had been recalled

and intrusted with the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. He was a great and loyal advocate of peace, and although he strove to exercise a wise restraint upon the Emperor, and one which might have borne its fruits, the secret antagonism of the Empress counteracted at St. Cloud many of the plans matured at the Tuileries, and the Prince, recognizing the futility of his conscientious efforts, resigned. During the whole Franco-German War he suffered severely as a patriot and a statesman; the capitulation of Sedan was a blow from which he did not rally. In 1871 he wrote in a private letter to a friend—"You can never know how cruel it is to survive the degradation of my beloved France." His health failed, he retired to his estate in the country, caught the small-pox, and, unable to fight against a relapse, succumbed in May, 1871. One of his brothers was Archbishop of Bourges, the other a General; they were all three distinguished men and devoted to their widowed mother, the Princess de la Tour d'Auvergne, a woman of superior qualities and energy. For her the Prince built a fine hotel on the Boulevard des

Invalides, where he and his brothers had each their apartment, so that they could be all under the same roof, whenever they were able to inhabit Paris for a time.

Monsieur Benedetti succeeded, but did not replace the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne in Berlin, when that nobleman was transferred to London in 1864. He obtained the double and deplorable notoriety of the secret treaty between France and Prussia, published at the commencement of the war, and of the historical incident at Ems, between the King of Prussia and himself, out of which that war sprung. Since his recall from Berlin, Monsieur Benedetti's public career has ended, he fell to obscurity, having been more the instrument of politics than an active factor therein. He had the craft and flexibility of his Italian origin, some of the vindictiveness of his Corsican blood; he had passed from distant consulates to equally distant legations, till he had reached the political department of the Foreign Office. He had the good fortune to be secretary to the Congress of Paris in 1856, and to be appointed Minister of

France to Turin in 1861 ; but he left no record in his career of having distinguished himself as a diplomatist in any of his posts.

The unfortunate sister of the King of the Belgians returned to her country after the tragic *dénouement* of her short Mexican reign. She came back insane, and the doctors slowly gave up all hope of her ultimate recovery. Strange stories were told about the origin of her madness ; it was said that it had been, as it were, inoculated into her system by a subtle vegetable poison, of which some savage Mexican tribes had the secret, and which her enemies had mysteriously succeeded in placing in her food. The effects of the drug were invariably the same ; they did not manifest themselves at first, and if a known counter-poison was administered in time, the subsequent calamity might be averted ; if not, the mind became gradually affected, till by slight degrees the victim grew excited, and degenerated into a violent, unmanageable maniac. The Empress Charlotte passed through all these phases. It was thought, in the beginning, that the shock sustained by her experiences in

Mexico, and the death of her husband, sufficiently accounted for her wanderings, but it was soon necessary to place her under restraint. She would tolerate only the presence of the Queen, whose behaviour towards her afflicted sister has always been angelic. She refused to eat when watched, crouched and crawled like an animal, snatching her food with her teeth, and not amenable to any representations. When this most distressing form of her malady abated—and it lasted many years—she returned to more human habits, and was again able to have attendants, not keepers, and to walk in the fine secluded grounds of the Castle of Bouchout, which the King had given up entirely to the unhappy Empress, and arranged especially for her comfort and privacy. He visited her occasionally, the Queen twice a week, and Prince Baudoin, the son of the Count of Flanders, and heir-presumptive to the throne, at stated intervals. Twelve Belgian ladies, belonging to the best families, have voluntarily undertaken the task of being her ladies-in-waiting, and take duty two-by-two, for a week at a time.

She never talks ; birds and music seem to affect her agreeably, and out-door exercise is apparently necessary to her, for when the weather precludes her going out she becomes restless, and wanders about the rooms, feverishly picking up any little article dropped on the floor and hastily secreting it. She was, before her misfortunes, a bright, intelligent woman, having received a superior education, and possessing a real talent for music and painting. The friends of her girlhood talk with deep emotion of the days when they were admitted to be her companions at Brussels and Laeken, and the Queen is sincerely attached to her in remembrance of their past intimacy. On whomsoever the onus rests of having sent her and Maximilian to Mexico—to treachery and to a cruel fate—he has assumed a heavy responsibility.

Two of Belgium's biggest men, setting aside the founders of its young monarchy in 1830, were Monsieur Devaux and Monsieur Jules van Praat. The former was a remarkable historian, and devoted the best part of his life to a history of the Roman Empire. Before it was nearly completed he was

totally blind, and by a prodigy of memory he *dictated* the maps with which the volumes are profusely interspersed. His only daughter was his faithful and untiring amanuensis ; he would tell her which book of his complete and valuable collection she must bring down, and at what page seek the passage he wished to consult. He had two sons : one, Jules Devaux, was a brilliant talker, an excellent musician, and sang, as few foreigners can, the typical Spanish songs ; a man of the world, a conscientious, honourable friend and adviser of Leopold II., whose secretary he was at first, and later the Minister of his household. He paid frequent visits to London, partly for the sake of his tailor, partly to visit his numerous English friends. His younger brother was secretary to the Belgian Legation under Sylvain van de Weyer, and would undoubtedly have achieved a brilliant career, had he not relinquished it at his father's death to make a home for his sister in Brussels. They have many tastes in common, and both are very good painters.

Monsieur van Praat was their uncle ; he was the

finest statesman Belgium possessed, and occupied a prominent place in the King's council. He found time to form the most valuable collection of paintings in the kingdom, and one which the country will acquire, now that death has recalled him. He had all the *ancien régime* charm and courtliness of manner, joined to the most active and energetic mind. There was not, for many years, a man in Brussels as popular and as highly esteemed; the most convincing proof being that the fierce antagonism of parties was quelled, and that even his political enemies unanimously conceded to Van Praet their respect and their esteem.

King Leopold II. often crossed the Channel and went to England. Those visits, to which an undesirable interpretation has been too frequently given, had almost always a motive of utility, and resulted in some material advantage for Belgium. The King was deeply interested in the amelioration of artisans' dwellings, and once when he came to London and made but a short stay, he would rise at six, and, accompanied only by a younger member of the Legation, visit the poor quarters of the

city, and take notes of the tenements and improved habitations for the lower classes, so as to form an opinion and decide on his plans. When it was his desire to make the town of Ostend prosperous by adding to its attractions, he had a wooden pavilion built at Lowestoft, by Messrs. Lucas and Brothers, which was sent over in sections, and reconstructed on the spot where it was to stand. He had originally intended this building as a residence for himself alone, but the Queen was so pleased with its appearance that he had great additions made, and large subterranean kitchens constructed. The appropriate furniture of the new palace likewise came from England.

Another of the King's hobbies is architecture and horticulture, including the laying out of gardens, and building improved hothouses and conservatories. He gave the parish of St. Gilles in Brussels a splendid park, and another to the township of Laeken. In the Bois de la Cambre he purchased for 700,000 francs a piece of land, which he bestowed on the public for the free enjoyment of the magnificent panorama stretching at

its feet—a Royal and munificent gift. He frequently commissioned Belgians residing abroad to give him prompt notice of every modern invention—designs and plans of steam-ploughs and road-engines, heating apparatus, or any fresh importation of shrubs and flowers in the conservatories of Kew, or in the equally rich ones of English landlords. When Leopold II. was in London in 1869, he was waited upon by a deputation of workmen, eager to offer the expressions of their sympathy and respect.

The breaking out of hostilities was not long staved off by the strenuous efforts of neutrals; and if the year closed without the actual commencement of war, all felt that it was imminent, and that as soon as one pretext was set aside another would arise. It came in July 1870, with its first deluding success for the French at Saarbruck, its crushing defeats, its faults, mistakes, humiliations and horrors; with the cruelties of Bazeilles, the hesitation on the Loire; with the disaster of Sedan, the flight of the Empress from Paris; with the

proclamation of the Republic on the fourth of September, two days after Napoleon's surrender with his army of ninety thousand men to the King of Prussia. It came, sweeping away in its track Strasbourg and Metz, the proud fortresses that had stood sentinel on the French frontier; it brought the victorious German armies into Paris, on the 3rd of March '71, to wipe off the humiliation of Queen Louise of Prussia at the feet of the first Napoleon with a humiliation deeper still, as a condition of the peace signed in February more galling and less easily effaced than the war tribute of five thousand millions; it left behind it the Commune and its horrors; and while it brought into dazzling and imperishable relief the figures of the King of Prussia, his son, his nephew Frederick Charles, Moltke, Bismarck, and a score of German generals, it showed only on the other side, through the gloom of defeat, the heroic defence of a few isolated battalions, the valour of the Pontifical Zouaves, the useless resistance of brave men like Trochu, Faidherbe, Chanzy, Aurelles de Paladine, the shameful mismanagement of the administration,

the "*baptême de feu*" of the sixteen year old Prince Imperial, and the treachery of Bazaine.

With the fall of the Empire a woman disappeared who had achieved an unenviable notoriety, not only because she had been a "*caprice*" of Napoleon III., but on account of the grave scandal in which she played so conspicuous a part. When the Emperor first remarked Marguerite Bellenger at Vichy in '63, she was still called Françoise Leboeuf. She came from the west of France, her origin was of the lowest, she had tried several livelihoods before going on the stage, where she was a failure; but she had the feminine shrewdness and adaptability which in one hour can fashion a duchess out of a *figurante*. A year later Paris became aware of the Imperial *liaison*, of the openly expressed dissatisfaction of the Empress, and shortly after a mysterious story was circulated to which Marguerite Bellenger was said to owe her elevation. Her "*cher Seigneur*," as she called the Emperor, was at once *blasé*, sceptical, and credulous; he was caught by wiles that would not have deceived a *roué* of

twenty, and by an affectation of sentimentality which awoke in the man of fifty-five an echo of the dreamy education he had long ago received in Germany. Under pressure, and the Emperor recognizing the necessity of the act, "Margot" acknowledged as her own a child that was not hers; this complicity was rewarded with one million of francs, and the estate and castle of Mouchy were purchased and settled on young Auguste Bellenger. When these negotiations were successfully terminated, the part of Marguerite was ended, her fascinations were played out. After 1871 she left France for Cassel, where she married an Englishman, a sailor, got tired of him, abandoned him, returned to France, bought a pretty little hotel at St. Cloud, and lived there, unknown and uncared for, on the spoils of her one great *coup*, till her death.

Another of the self-made exiles of the war was Charles Gounod. The sojourn of Paris had become odious to him, and he did not find in his home enough happiness and congeniality to soothe the irritation and discontent created by other causes.

There is no more delightful companion than the author of *Faust*. His genius is not one-ided; it pervades all he does, animates his speech, gleams in his deep eyes, colours his conversation, lends an extraordinary fire to his gestures and picturesqueness to his words. The fine bust made of him by Carpeaux—the sculptor whose group in front of the New Opera was one night disfigured by a flood of ink—realizes, as far as it is possible for marble to do so, the inspired features of the maestro. To his friends Gounod shows a frank and winning confidence; on his enemies he showers the fluent eloquence of his condemnation. He was as young in mind and heart in 1871 as he was twenty years before, and he had the talent of making his pupils, his chorus, his singers, even the children he liked to have about him, enthusiastically fond of him. He had none of the stiff self-consciousness of so many celebrities, which is but another form of conceit, and he did not require an illustrious audience to put forth his delightful powers. In a small circle, after family dinner, he would sit down at an indifferent

cottage piano and play his *Marche funèbre d'une Marionnette*—with a running commentary as good in its kind as the music—then hum or sing some of his compositions, “pot boilers,” he called them, which he was compelled to write. He had suffered severe losses; the obligation to refund a large sum received for his opera, by a contract invalidated later, had crippled his resources. Gounod had never been a man of business, his artistic temperament was too strong to enable him to have a prudential eye for his own interests; he was cheated right and left; he said himself that he received for the rights of *Faust*, throughout Germany, only *forty pounds*! He was for months the soul of Tavistock House,—Dickens’ old residence,—then occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Weldon; he encouraged the training of the infants rescued from the gutter who were taught by his hostess to sing before they could speak, and he organized concerts in the drawing-room enlarged for that purpose. He was annoyed and wounded more than he liked to confess by his altercations with the management of the Albert Hall, in consequence of which he had to

transfer his concerts to the St. James' Hall. Mrs. Weldon was a sincere and loyal friend to him ; he recognized both her friendship and her talent. As an artist he said of her that she was the only woman who loved and understood music well enough not to alter or add to the text of the great masters ; as a friend he praised her goodness, disinterestedness, *esprit*, and charm. Their mutual affection was founded on mutual esteem, and might have lasted for ever, had not Gounod suddenly grown tired of London and craved for the exciting, feverish atmosphere of Paris. He returned to it, capriciously, almost brutally breaking the ties of habit and intimacy that bound him to the Weldons, apparently indifferent to the effects of this behaviour. Had those ties been loosened with a gentler hand they would no doubt have fallen asunder without causing the ulceration that turned to gall the old warm feelings, and gave rise to incidents equally regrettable for both parties, whose private relations unfortunately became public property.

The Franco-German War drafted many French celebrities across the Channel—at least, momen-

tarily—among others the company of the Théâtre Français. It was the first time in the annals of that institution that its members had acted abroad *en masse*. They took the Opéra Comique, then a new and very prettily decorated theatre, and on its comparatively small stage gave many pieces of their *répertoire*. Bressant was still alive, as good an actor as ever, but already morose and ailing; his mental condition was attributed to his grief at the misfortunes of France. Soon after his visit to London he grew rapidly worse, left the stage, and softening of the brain with partial paralysis having set in, he led the life of a recluse in his pretty villa of Passy till he died.

In the absence of Sarah Bernhardt, Madame Favart took the leading female parts, and was particularly good in *l'Aventurière*, with Coquelin as Annibal. Delaunay and Got were there, and so many others whose names are dear to all playgoers. Yet it was remarkable that this excellent company gave its first series of representations to almost empty houses; it was only towards the end of their stay that London woke up to its

merits, and then the theatre was nightly crowded. The same thing happened in '75, when Salvini, the greatest living Italian actor, came to England. It seemed almost as if he would be suffered to depart without a recognition of his talents, when suddenly the scale turned, and his *Otello* won him as many laurels as in his native country. In modern comedy at Turin, Salvini—a much younger man then—used to be the most elegant and fascinating stage lover. It was almost impossible to realize that the rugged lion-tamer of the “*Gladiatore*” could be the same persuasive and pathetic *jeune premier*, who whispered the language of civilized passion in a drawing-room.

Madame Ristori had not to contend with the indifference of foreign audiences, or, at least, the hard struggle of her early years was succeeded by constant and undisturbed success. Meeting her in society, finding her an educated and refined gentlewoman, it was difficult to believe that she had not always been a member of the aristocracy, to which she now belonged by her marriage with the Marchese del Grillo, and that, as the daughter

of a poor obscure actor of the Province of Friuli, she had step by step climbed the histrionic ladder. She appeared in Paris for the first time when Rachel was at the zenith of her fame, and was accused of imprudent audacity in challenging a comparison with her. The French public was disposed to resent the contest, and the critics ready to dispute the merits of the Italian *tragédienne*; but she conquered opposition by the sole force of her genius, and was equally applauded in Myrrha—Alfieri's unnatural heroine—Medea, and Maria Stuart. Strong in the approval of the most enlightened audience in the world, Adelaide Ristori travelled to Spain, Holland, and Russia, winning laurels. After acting Lady Macbeth, Phèdre, and Francesca di Rimini in Berlin, in 1862, she received from the King the Medal of Arts and Sciences. Ill-health, and the weakness of her chest and voice, made her leave the stage for fifteen years, but in '73 she gave several performances in London, and later still her last appearance was before an English public.

Another of the French artists, who visited London after the war, received a reception as flattering as it was unexpected. Hortense Schneider brought over her most *risqué* and completely unexpurgated plays, *Barbe Bleue* among the rest, and created a *furor*. Some foreigners, who had seen her in the same parts at the Parisian Bouffes, wondered at the excessive licence she permitted herself on the English stage, and the marked suggestiveness of her looks and gestures. On being asked what devilry possessed her, Schneider answered quietly, "I do it on purpose; I know it would not be tolerated in Paris, but the English, who dare not have naughty things in their own language, are delighted to get any amount of impropriety in French. It pleases them both ways; they enjoy it, and they can censure it afterwards." With all her levity, both in her professional and private capacity, Hortense Schneider was a prudent and thrifty mother; she educated her daughters with rigorous decorum, gave them dowries, married them well, and placed her sons into honourable professions.

Chaumont, the female *gamin*, who sang without a voice, and was equally charming in all her parts ; Judic with the bewitching smile and laughing eyes, the once child-pupil of Landrol, also about that time made rapid excursions across the Channel, and returned to their respective theatres having established a claim on English audiences, which was sure to lure them back again on many successive visits. In fact, it may be said that the exodus following the war naturalized, so to speak, French acting in London, where till then it had only been seen at rare intervals and moderately appreciated.

XI.

William Prescott—Longfellow—Agassiz—Charles Mathews in
Boston.

THE three most interesting men in the United States to know intimately were, as far back as 1857—although it might seem invidious to say so *now*—Mr. William Prescott, Mr. Longfellow, and Professor Agassiz.

The first—all but totally blind from the effects of the inflammation of the eyes, produced by a piece of bread thrown in jest across the table at him at a college supper, by a fellow Harvard student—was still at fifty-one a more genial and amusing companion than many much younger men. He had retained a delicate wit that flavoured all his repartees, and to strangers this delicacy was more palatable than the ruder humour of his compatriots.

One could well fancy him seriously answering an English lady next to whom he sat at a dinner given in his honour by the Duke of Somerset, who, after hearing that he lived at Boston, asked if the Mississippi flowed anywhere near his house, "Oh, yes ; it passes my back door, and my cook washes the dinner things in it." Also taking a foreigner, who was paying a short visit to New England, for a walk on the Common of Boston on a Sunday, with the intention of showing off the fountains, he found the water turned off, and said with sad apology—"I knew that little boys were not allowed to play on the Sabbath, but I did *not* know that fountains were not permitted to do so."

Mr. Prescott had several warm and old friendships, notably for a Mr. William Gardiner, Councillor at Law ; they had been boys together, were married at the same time, were respectively godfathers to each other's eldest sons, met nearly every week, and then seemed to begin life *da capo* and be boys again. Prescott was a great sufferer from dyspepsia, and had been ordered by his physician to eat no

bread, only a species of biscuit resembling pull-bread. This was so generally known that whenever he dined out he found it at his side, and it was called at all the confectioners and bakers in Boston, "Mr. Prescott's biscuits." He divided his time between his town-house, a large farm-house, and a comfortable summer residence near Salem his birthplace. "I have roamed about so much," he said, "that by a dispensation of Providence I was placed near a locality where shoemakers abound;" the special trade of Salem being shoemaking. His writing-table stood in a large projecting bow window, from which nothing but the sea could be seen; he used to tell how, before his sight got quite so bad, he would sit there, and gazing out upon the water—at the time he was writing his *Conquest of Mexico*—fancied he saw the meeting of fleets and the confusion of a naval fight. He wrote to the end with a "*grille*" placed on the paper, that marked the space of the lines and guided his hand, and a species of stylite pen. At the end of the day what he had composed was read out to him, he dictated the necessary correc-

tions, and had the sheets re-copied for the press. He usually gave five or six hours a day to his literary labours, walked regularly between four and five miles accompanied by a friend or his son-in-law, and in the evening was read aloud to from his favourite authors. He was Catholic in his tastes. Among the English novelists he preferred Dickens and Walter Scott; among the French, Eugène Sue and Alexandre Dumas. He was very methodical in his habits, fastidiously neat in his person, and extremely charitable. Pale and slight, he was not above the medium size, with clear, rich, calm features, and thin brown hair brushed back from his high forehead. His voice was low and melodious; he spoke slowly, with a certain deliberation, but always in the most choice and naturally elegant language. He died in January 1859, after a short and apparently slight illness, leaving his last work, the *History of Philip II.*, unfinished.

Mr. Longfellow was a very different man in all externals; large, massive, broad-chested, with his marked features and flowing white hair, he looked much less the poet than Prescott, and to those

who first met him or knew him superficially, he appeared slightly pompous, impressed with his own personality, and preoccupied with the effect he produced. There was a consciousness, an atmosphere of importance, a feeling as of a reputation to sustain, which was never apparent in Mr. Prescott, and which may have lain only on the surface, and vanished entirely in closer communion ; it did not detract from, and was curiously coupled with, a certain attractive *bonhommie* and good-nature, which was like a reminiscence of early youth. Longfellow accepted naturally the fact that he was a great man ; he considered it so inevitable that all the world should do the same, that the *naïveté* of the assumption rendered it inoffensive. Spontaneously, without having been petitioned to do so, he sent a young lady, staying with some Boston friends of his, and whom he had met three or four times, half-a-dozen autographs on different sheets of note-paper, with extracts from *Excelsior*, *Evangeline*, and the *Psalm of Life*, accompanied by a pleasant little note, saying that no doubt on her return to Europe she would

tell people that she had met him, and like to present them with a personal souvenir of "hers very affectionately, H. W. Longfellow."

Bustling, genial, frank, cheerful, and broken-English-speaking Agassiz was again as different as possible from the other two, which did not prevent him from being the most fascinating of mortals. He had been warmly adopted by his American family, and their name was legion, for he had married Lizzie Carey, one of the numerous grandchildren of Colonel Perkins, whose seven daughters had been prolific in olive branches. Not only the family, but Boston and all America had adopted him from the hour when, fresh from Switzerland, he delivered his opening lecture, at first through the medium of an interpreter, and then, becoming impatient of that assistance, waving him aside and continuing alone, using Latin words for technicalities, supplementing his French with rapid demonstrations on the black board, and such eloquent gestures and intonations, that he was perfectly understood and loudly cheered. Without ever losing his hold on America, Agassiz kept a very

warm corner in his heart for the little village of Motier, on the lake of Morat, where he was born, and cherished the memory of those by-gone days when the boy in his tastes was already father to the man. His birthplace was endeared to him by other associations besides family ones ; it is precious to all the Swiss for the history of its past. On the shores of Morat was fought the great battle against Charles the Bold, when Jean de Hallwyl led his legions to victory and liberated Helvetia. At sunrise the gallant knight bade his soldiers kneel and implore God's blessing, then lifting on high his banner, with the motto of his house, *Prompt comme l'aigle, pur comme l'or*, he led them on in the first rays of the rising sun, and fought till sunset, wrenching from the enemy a bloody but decisive victory. Morat, or *Murten* as they call it, is a name that thrills every Helvetian breast, and Hallwyl one that will never be forgotten. His descendants still exist ; some dwell in the old feudal castle, with its lake-girt walls, others are in Austria ; some of them have become Catholic ; one daughter is an Austrian Countess, another an

Italian ambassadress. Agassiz, meeting a member of that family in America, whose mother had married a gentleman of the Canton de Vaud, he greeted her with beaming eyes, saying—"Ah, how well I remember going through the obligatory military drill on the grass at Montbenon (the *Place d'Armes* of Lausanne), side by side with your father. We were very young; he a fine gentleman, I a struggling youth; but he was very '*bon*' to me. He hated the exercise as much as I did; *he* was too delicate for it, and it took *me* from my fish and insects."

In 1857 he was spending the summer in a pretty cottage at Nahant, built and presented to him, completely furnished, by his father-in-law, provided with a laboratory, and surrounded by a charming deep verandah. He was then absorbed in the study of jelly-fish, anemones, and medusae; in every room of the house they were seen floating in bowls or jars. The fishermen of the Massachusetts coast, who were devoted to Agassiz, used to perpetually bring him specimens they thought rare; even if absolutely worthless he always thanked them in his hearty manner, and dismissed them content and rewarded.

He was ever ready to show off those marine curiosities to any one who took a genuine, even if ignorant, interest in them ; it was thus that he allowed a youthful friend to watch the feat of a carnivorous anemone, placed on a marble-topped table, gradually, and with a double but imperceptible motion attract and assimilate a piece of raw meat a foot and a half away from it. Longfellow was very fond of Agassiz, and it was a pleasing sight to see the two men together—so dissimilar in all externals, so united by a sincere bond of regard and affection. Agassiz showed with honest pride the verses and notes which the poet had at different times inscribed to him ; his voice broke when he recited the last verse of the poem sent on his fiftieth birthday,—

“ And the mother at home says, ‘ Hark !
For his voice I listen and yearn ;
It is growing late and dark,
And my boy does not return.’ ”

His disposition was so sociable, and his tastes so youthful, that he loved to see his children and their friends about him, even when he was at work. He

never seemed disturbed by their laughter and play, and allowed himself to be shoved into a corner, with his small table and writing materials, when the floor was cleared for dancing. He had no touchiness or techiness, and nobody laughed more heartily than himself when he heard a story told against him. His wife used to tell how one day he had come to her quite early in the morning in great distress, because three little specimen snakes he had brought home the night before had escaped from the box in which he had secured them; he had been searching high and low for them, and only succeeded in recovering two. Madame Agassiz advised him to let the other unhappy reptile go, and to get ready for breakfast; but he rushed off frantically to institute another quest. Meanwhile his wife, beginning to dress, proceeded to put on her boots. To her dismay she found the snake coiled inside, which, being disturbed, rose hissing and glided out. Her scream of surprise brought Agassiz, who, hearing what had occurred, exclaimed in great trepidation—"Oh, Lizzee, how very terreeble it might have been." "What!" said

his wife, "are they poisonous?" "Oh, yes, the most poisonous leetle serpents you can think—so rare—and you might have crushed the precious leetle thing."

It was during the same August of that year, that Agassiz received through Monsieur Rouland, Minister of Public Instruction in France, the very flattering offer of a chair in the Museum of Natural History in Paris, at the special request of the Emperor. Such a post at the Jardin des Plantes had once been Agassiz's wildest dream of ambition, and he was even then by no means insensible to the projected honour, but he was engaged on a work of great importance on shells and fishes, and he felt that he owed it to America, who had given him so much encouragement, so many testimonies of high appreciation, not to leave it unfinished, as it had been undertaken under her auspices. He loved New England, and all the ties he had formed; he loved it for the labours accomplished on its soil, for the disciples he had made, for the honour he had won, and decided to remain faithful to it. He declined Monsieur Rouland's proposal. Some

blamed, others—among whom Humboldt—approved him. The Emperor Napoleon showed that he understood his motives, for not long after he sent him the Legion of Honour. Agassiz died at sixty-five, in the full possession of his multiple qualities of heart and soul, without pain and without fear. He had dipped too deeply into the secrets of Nature to dread a return to her bosom, and his intellect had soared too high to apprehend the great hereafter. From his cherished Switzerland came the boulder, taken on the Aar glaciers, that stands over his grave; and from the forests of his native land also the pines that cluster round it.

Eighteen hundred and fifty-seven was marked in the United States by one of the financial disasters which seem the periodical crisis of its business organization, which for a time become an engrossing topic, and elicit, with much that is not of a nature to impress a foreigner favourably, numerous acts of genuine kindness, unostentatious generosity, and loyal solidarity. It is true that the bankrupt

of yesterday sets up a carriage the day after his failure has ruined thousands, and that the wife of a runaway defaulter appears blazing in diamonds ; but to the struggling beginners, ruined by no fault of theirs, prompt and substantial assistance is tendered, which enables them to start in the race afresh, and most frequently by those whose resources have been hampered by the same crash.

Charles Mathews, who gave a round of representations in Boston that autumn, alluded to the money crisis in his farewell speech, saying, that it had been his fate to visit America before, in a similar financial storm, and to witness the same brave energetic weathering of it. The English actor was very popular ; young men of the best New England families vied with each other for the privilege of appearing in dumb parts on the stage with him, and one handsome young fellow was hated by all his friends because he had been so far favoured that he actually brought in a letter on a salver, and after handing it to Mathews, was empowered to answer, " Yes, sir," to a remark of his. Although the actor had just lost his first wife, Madame

Vestris, who was a good deal older than himself, he seemed to bear his bereavement with cheerful composure. It is true that she was sixty, looked her age, and that *he* showed ten years less than he really possessed. He gave evidence of resignation to the inevitable, and proof that his flow of spirits was not forced at all the dinners and parties given in his honour, by marrying again, during that same visit to the United States, the American actress, Mrs. Davenport. Some few years later he acted "*Cool as a Cucumber*" in French, under the weak title of "*L'homme faible*," before a Parisian audience, with great success. This feat did not surprise those who had heard him speak the language with perfect ease and fluency, and very little accent. To the spectators familiar with the French stage of the epoch, it was evident that he had taken the then famous Palais Royal actor, Levassor, for his model, and on being taxed with it, did not deny it. Mathews excelled in comic parts, although his elegant figure and refined features fitted him especially well for high comedy.

XII.

Death of Victor Emmanuel—Charles Albert—Prince Imperial of Germany in Italy—General MacMahon—Paris in '79—Theatres—Count Harry Arnim—Herr von Hinckeldey—The Will of Queen Louise—Emperor William's Lamp.

Few events within the last twenty years, not involving the fate of nations, caused the sensation created in January 1878, when the news of the death of King Victor Emmanuel was flashed throughout the world. Kingdoms and Republics alike seemed to feel vaguely that, with him, a legendary epoch had closed, and that a figure had disappeared which never quite belonged to the prosaic every-day nineteenth century. A man who had been headstrong, foolhardy in his loves as his ambitions; a mighty hunter inaccessible to fatigue; a soldier inaccessible to fear; a patriot in heart and soul; a King, without the conventional Royal

characteristics, and yet who had made Italy one and united ; a head of a State who barely understood politics, but who had raised his country to the rank of a great power ; generous to prodigality ; leaving debts, mistresses, and bastards behind him ; and when all was reckoned for and against him, leaving also more genuine regrets and truer love in the memory of his people than perhaps any other sovereign. Italy, free at last, not only from Genoa to the Adriatic, but from the Savoyan Alps to the crater of Etna, mourned sincerely for her dead monarch, her *Re Galantuomo*. His subjects forgot for the nonce the difference of race, which must, for a long time to come, make the Turinese jealous of the Sardinian, the Florentine suspicious of the Neapolitan, the Roman disdainful of the Venetian. They thought only of the laying low of that brave scion of the house of Savoy, the descendant of the oldest reigning family in Europe, the son of Charles Albert—the chivalrous, unfortunate monarch who died at Oporto, in self-made exile, and who, having struck the first blow for the liberation of Italy, and put in the small end of the wedge, paid the price

of all crusaders in a great cause, applauded when they start, blamed when they fail, and reaping the ingratitude which defeat engenders.

Fugitive after Novare, the crowds—who had acclaimed Charles Albert for his freely given reforms in 1848, who had entered enthusiastically into the half-theatrical movement of “Young Italy,” when men and women adopted mediæval costumes and inhaled romantic aspirations—turned to hiss and deride him. Caricatures were circulated, in which he was represented with his arms extended; on one hand was written “order,” on the other “counter-order,” on the forehead “disorder.” In others he was drawn as Don Quixote, and those who depicted him as the simple-minded, God-fearing, unselfish, unworldly knight, did not know how the intended insult was, perhaps, the most flattering recognition of the King’s noble, but dangerous qualities. Almost alone, a broken-hearted wanderer, he left the battle-field of Novare, on which he had staked and lost his all, and with a handful of faithful followers, began his dreary journey to Portugal, in March 1849. He

crossed the Spanish frontier on Holy Thursday. Owing to the religious observances of the country he could not find on that day a single conveyance on wheels to take him further on his flight, and had to spend twenty-four hours in a wretched roadside inn. His last resting-place was Oporto. He did not long occupy the little villa by the sea, placed at his disposal by the English consul ; after a few weeks of sad, hopeless wasting away, without energy to bear his disgrace, or hope to efface it, Charles Albert expired, on the 28th of July, stretched on his narrow soldier's bed. His body was brought home to be deposited with his ancestors in the vaults of the Basilica of Superga, built on the summit of a mountain near Turin, a lonely, solitary spot, lending grandeur to the mortuary of kings. The journey was accomplished by sea as far as Genoa, and then by slow stages to the capital. The funeral *cortège* entered each town in the same invariable order. The charger of the dead king followed the coffin ; his sword and orders were carried by two of those who had stood at his distant death-bed ; his gloves and plumed General's hat lay on the hearse. A

deputation from the municipality and a regiment of soldiers formed the escort as far as the communal boundary, and were relieved by other deputations and other regiments as they crossed it. It was so that they entered Turin at last. Whether from the mournful simplicity of the procession coming so far from across the seas, or from a remorseful sense of past ingratitude and injustice, it was received with the awe-stricken grief of the population.

The young man who walked bare-headed behind the bier, and followed it step by step through the valleys of Piedmont, was the son of General de Launay, ex-Viceroy of the Island of Sardinia when that post conferred almost sovereign power, and whilom President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs. The young Count belonged to the Diplomatic service, afterwards filled several posts in Switzerland, Spain, Germany, and Russia, returned to Berlin, was raised from the rank of Minister to that of Ambassador in 1875, when Italy decided to convert her Legation into an Embassy, signed the Congress of Berlin in '78, repeatedly refused to accept the portfolio of the Foreign Office at Rome,

and was rewarded for his numerous and loyal services with the Collar of the Anunziata, of which there are only twelve extant, and which confers on the recipient the title of "Cousin of the King."

The Prince Imperial of Germany came to Rome to represent the Emperor William at Victor Emmanuel's funeral. It was his second visit to Italy; the first had been paid on the occasion of the marriage of Princess Margherita of Genoa, with her cousin, Prince Umberto, which was celebrated at Florence. At the Court ball, given in honour of the event, the Crown Prince was dancing with the bride, when she perceived that a lace flounce of her gown had been caught by an officer's spur, was torn, and a long shred of it trailing on the ground. In her youthful impetuosity she was about to drag the whole trimming off, but her partner quietly stopped her, and kneeling, took a small pincushion from his pocket, and dexterously began pinning up the delicate fabric, refusing the assistance of a maid of honour, who had hurried to his assistance. This little act of gallantry from the stalwart warrior won him golden opinions among

the Italian ladies—who were already captivated by his handsome face—and one of the beautiful Margherita's most bewitching smiles.

When the funeral ceremonies, which had brought Prince Frederick William to Rome, were concluded, he prepared to depart; but the new King asked him, as a personal favour, to remain till after the oath of allegiance had been taken, adding, "I feel that your presence will bring me good luck." The Prince Imperial came to Rome once again in 1883, at the termination of the negotiations between Germany and the Pope. As he was then the guest of the King of Italy at the Quirinal, it proved a matter of some delicacy to arrange his visit to the Vatican, so as not to wound the susceptibilities existing between the spiritual and temporal rulers of Rome, and at the same time not to convey to the suspicious inhabitants and jealous Government any premature or erroneous indication of reconciliation. It was finally arranged that the Prince and his suite should be driven in the Royal carriages from the Palace to the German Embassy, where they would be dismissed; that after

partaking of lunch with the Ambassador, the latter would proceed with his host in his own equipage to the Vatican, and that the same routine should be followed after the termination of the visit. This *mezzo termine* gave universal satisfaction by turning the difficulty of a direct communication between the Quirinal and the Vatican.

One year after King Victor Emmanuel's death, and in the same month, General MacMahon, who had been associated with him in the campaign of '59,—and at his side won the titles of Duke and Marshal,—abandoned the presidency of the French Republic, which he had retained not quite six years, and to which he had been elected when M. Thiers resigned it. His retirement did not create the commotion that such an event ought to have elicited ; it barely ruffled the life of Paris for three days. There were a few groups in the streets, a more active sale of newspapers, a slight fall at the Bourse, a rapid exodus of the floating population of timid foreigners who take wing at the first suspicion of political earthquakes or report of cholera—that was all. The bulk of Republican

France was calmly indifferent ; the army naturally preferred at the head of the State a military President whose name was coupled with victories in Africa, the Crimea, and Lombardy ; the people probably leaned towards a pacific and inoffensive *bourgeois* ; but neither the departure of the one nor the advent of the other was important enough in the eyes of either class to excite their partisanship. The *petits journaux*, according to the opinion they represented, had highly-coloured caricatures reverting to the defeat of the Marshal at Woerth as heralding his presidential one, or extolling the professional culinary talents of Papa Grévy's wife ; and when the public had fumed or laughed at them it became interested in Longchamps, in the new Opera of Zamora, in the " Etincelle " and Delaunay at the Français, in the early appearance of leaves in the Champs Elysées, and became quietly oblivious of the change in the Presidency as a *fait accompli*.

After all, no play enacted off the boards of a theatre will ever have for the Parisians the vital interest of a dramatic performance. The theatre

is their great pre-occupation, the master-passion of their lives ; and it has made their judgment severe, critical, and generally just ; they are at once impartial and catholic in their tastes, they have no *parti pris*, no established favourite, no impeccable company. When in the distant Theatre de Cluny the *Juif Polonais* was given for the first time, as far back as September '69, its merits were immediately recognized, and the small playhouse was crowded. The author certainly never expected to see his play taken hold of by Irving, and the Jew made one of his principal parts ; yet at the time of its appearance it had the privilege of turning attention entirely away from the real crime of Pantin, which for its atrocity was rarely equalled and never surpassed, and which till then, to use the consecrated expression, had *passionné tout Paris*.

At the same time Chaumont was taking lessons from acrobats to stand on a bottle in La Cigale, and from circus-riders to play in the Grand Casimir. Dupuis the Belgian acted in farce, Dupuis the Frenchman in high comedy, filling the parts taken by Lafontaine when he played lover in the dramas

of Dumas, and revived the *Père Prodigé*. "Patrie" Sardon's finest play had a second lease of life and success, Mlle. Rousseil replacing Mlle. Fargueil, and giving no indication of a future claustral vocation; in the part of Karloo, Charles Lemaitre proved himself worthy of the name he bore; a few months later, in a fit of brain fever, he threw himself out of the window of a fourth floor before his attendants could restrain him, and dashed his brains out. Sarah Bernhardt was a vision of the mediæval ages in Ruy Blas and Hernani, while Lassalle and Mlle. Krauss filled the new Opera to overflowing in l'Africaine. Austere republicanism was more luxurious in dress than the profligate Empire, and gilded vice as insolent if not more so; Paris still retained a little of the old prestige of being the most civilized city of the world, but there were already visible flaws in the veneer, as easily distinguishable as the mutilated front of the Tuileries amid the glories of its architecture, gardens, and squares, because so imperfectly hidden by the ever-recurring legend, *Liberté, Fraternité, Égalité*.

However, French theatres compare badly with

those of other countries, as far as the interior of the house is concerned ; they are dingy contrasted with those of London, where the men wear evening clothes ; with Berlin and Vienna, where the military uniform gives brightness and colour, as well as the Court costume of the Chamberlains, who in the former city can occupy the Royal box in the Royal theatres as well as the Maids of Honour any evening in the year, provided both ladies and gentlemen are in full dress.

There the box, which is very broad and deep, is lit by large chandeliers, and rarely occupied by the Royalties, who each have their private boxes near the stage communicating with each other, so that the Emperor can pay visits to his relatives between the acts. It could accommodate easily twenty-five to thirty people, but hardly more than four or five avail themselves of the privilege, on ordinary nights, including the ladies in attendance on any Princess in the house, who sit there during the performance when not wanted, ready to be summoned by a look or message. The front row of arm-chairs is never occupied by any save the Royal Family.

There were many lovely women in Berlin society twenty or twenty-five years ago. Prince Charles, the King's second brother, always selected handsome Maids of Honour for the Princess; and besides the Countesses Lucchesini and Seidowitz, the beauties were Countess Lothom, Countess Pourtales, Countess Freda Arnim, Madame de Benkendorff, born Princess Croy, who was the wife of the Russian military *attaché*; the Princess Hatzfeldt, who became Princess Carolath, and whom Richter immortalized in that magnificent portrait where he represented her robed in white, her hand dreamily sinking in the curly hair of a large dog, and whose romantic love-story with the son of the greatest living statesman lent her another and sadder celebrity, extinguished at last in the gloom of a useless divorce.

In 1857 Sophie von Arnim Boytzenbourg, the eldest sister of pretty Countess Freda, married her cousin, Count Harry Arnim, a widower, and followed him to Rome, where he was sent as Ambassador. He was morose, reserved, unsociable; he looked more like an Italian than a German

in face and colouring; his dark eyes roamed nervously without ever frankly meeting the gaze of his interlocutor. He had made his first wife—a Mlle. de Prillwitz—anything but happy, and his second marriage elicited some surprise, for Sophie Arnim by birth and position was a most eligible *parti*. It has been said that a misunderstanding arose between him and Count Bismarck *after* the supplementary agreement with France at Frankfort in '72, but the Chancellor never really liked Harry Arnim. When Thiers fell, Bismarck, suspecting the Count of a strong leaning towards the French legitimists, recalled him summarily from Paris, where he was then Minister, and appointed him to Constantinople, a post which he declined. He presented his letters of recall to Marshal MacMahon, and soon afterwards, although he denied any complicity in the breach of official discretion, his Roman despatches were published in Vienna. Bismarck seized that opportunity of placing Count Arnim in disponsibility and on half pay, and in October of the same year, 1874, he was arrested in his estates near Stettin, conveyed to Berlin, and placed in prison

on the charge of having abstracted State Documents from the archives of the German Legation in Paris for fraudulent purposes. At the trial the court rejected the count of embezzlement, but convicted Harry Arnim of having subtracted and made away with a certain number of papers, pertaining to the Government, relating to ecclesiastical affairs, and he was condemned to three months' imprisonment, one being remitted in consideration of the incarceration already undergone ; also to pay all the costs of the trial. The scandal caused by these revelations was enormous, the majority of Berlin society being directly or indirectly allied to the Arnim family ; and unpopular as Count Harry had ever been, there were those who traced in the prosecution and the sentence the inflexible animosity of the iron Chancellor, who had never been known to relent or forgive a fancied or real affront. Count Arnim, whose health was always delicate, became severely ill in prison, but could obtain, even in appeal, no commutation of his sentence. He had one son by his first marriage, who was in the army, and three daughters by the second.

He laboured all his life under disadvantages of his own making, conscious of a latent antagonism, making no efforts to remove unfavourable impressions, content to remain friendless and solitary; all these reasons militated against him at a time when he found himself in need of support and sympathy.

Gambling had taken an excessive development in Berlin clubs and at the officers' quarters. The Minister of the Police could not extend his interference to the barracks, but he enforced a rule that if gambling was carried on at a club or private residence on a forbidden scale, the offenders should be dispersed by the police, and the chief culprits punished. In a community almost exclusively composed of the military element, and under an administration where the uniform carries such immunities, this decree created a strong indignation, and a resolution to oppose it. The same men who were willing to conform to the most vexatious measures of discipline without a murmur when originating with their own superiors, rebelled against the interference of civil authority, and

agreed to disregard all restrictions put upon their play and mode of enjoyment. The Police Minister, Herr von Hinckeldey, was obstinate, and bided his time. A conflict was inevitable—it came. His subordinates entered one night into the Club *Unter den Linden*, or the “Casino,” as it was called, surprised a party of young men gambling late and for high stakes, and made several arrests. The next morning a lieutenant called on Herr von Hinckeldey and insulted him. A duel was arranged, but the Minister of Police was privately informed by an emissary in uniform that the body of officers had determined to renew the insult in succession, whether or not their comrades were put *hors de combat*, till their adversary was killed, as they had determined to avenge the indignity placed upon them as a *Corps*, in defiance of the fair warning they had tendered to the Minister of Police before he attempted it. They persevered in their resolution; it fell to the fate of a Lieutenant von Rochow to fulfil this iniquitous threat, and Herr von Hinckeldey paid with his life the accomplishment of his official duty. His funeral

was a solemn one ; the whole garrison was ordered out to render the last honours to the man doomed by its indomitable *esprit de corps*, and found no inconsistency in obeying the command. Save for the punishment of the three or four officers who actually fought the duels, no further notice was taken in high quarters of this strange *vendetta*.

The situation of a Prussian officer with regard to a challenge is inextricable. Duelling is prohibited by the military authorities. If an officer fights his career is broken ; if he does not, and the affair is brought before the *Tribunal d'honneur* of the regiment, and considered sufficiently grave to require satisfaction by arms, the man who has evaded it is made to resign. And yet in justice it must be said, that those overbearing, fire-eating, apparently inflexible warriors are individually very polite and courteous with women, gentle, kind, and domesticated in their family circle, devoted lovers, considerate husbands, and the most filial of sons. It may be that in their absolute devotion to their Emperor and King they have unconsciously followed his example, and imitated his profound veneration

for his mother, the beautiful Queen Louise ; to him her slightest wishes were law, and he has never wavered in his observance of them, alike in great things and in small.

There is a picture in Berlin representing King William paying a last visit to his mother's tomb at Charlottenburg before starting for the army in 1870. This painting is the second of a trilogy fraught with meaning for those who care to read it : the first shows you Napoleon I. and Queen Louise after the battle of Jena, the last Napoleon III. and William I. after Sedan. In her will Queen Louise left to her husband and to her son the duty of avenging the shame and humiliation under which she could not live ; Jena, Friedland, Eylau had killed her. She died indignant against Austria, who had forsaken Prussia ; breathing vengeance against France ; grateful to Russia, who had stood her country's ally, and proved her fidelity on the Niemen. That last testament is almost prophetic in its bequests. The retaliation evoked on the head of *a* Napoleon explains the conduct of Prussia throughout the century ; her equivocal attitude towards Austria

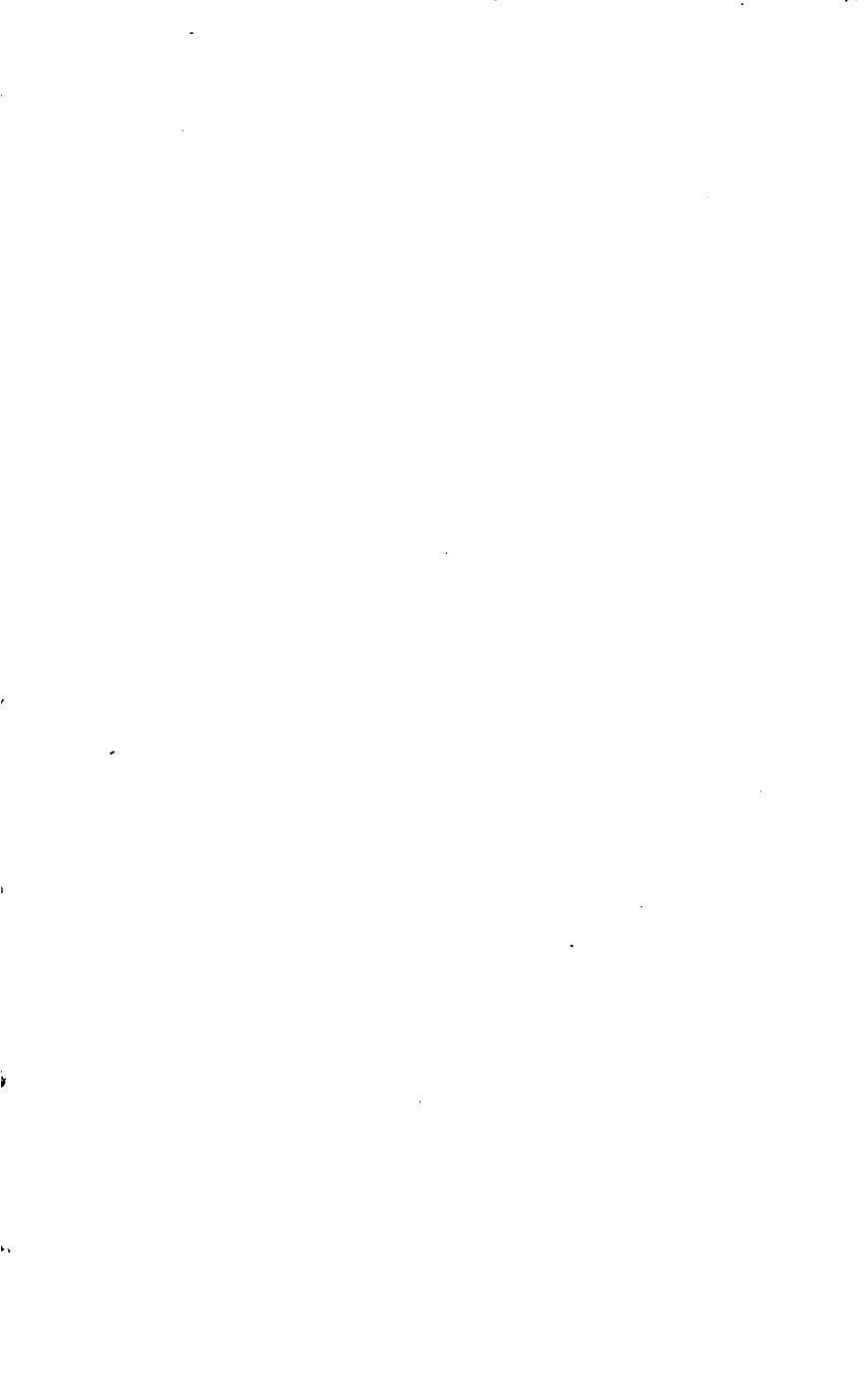
in '59, towards France in '66 ; it foreshadows Sadowa and Sedan, and is the key to the sympathy existing *quand même*, between Germany and Russia. The will of Queen Louise has been her son's gospel—her memory, his loadstar in public and in private life.

Is there not something inexpressibly touching in the following trait, almost pathetic in its homely simplicity ? The Emperor, who would allow only wax candles in the White Hall, because they set off the beauty and dresses of women better than gas, burnt oil lamps in his own apartments. He had been staying on a visit with his Marshal of the Court, Count Stolberg Wernigerode, and on his return to Berlin observed to his aide-de-camp *à la suite*, Count Lehndorf, that certainly none of his lamps gave half as good a light as other people's. He was told the reason of it ; other people burnt mineral oil, and he had always refused to do so. Convinced at last, the Emperor allowed all his lamps to be fitted with new burners, and when the system of kerosine was inaugurated one winter day before dinner, he expressed himself vastly pleased with the experiment. But his joy was short-lived, for on

returning to his usual sitting-room after the meal he found it filled with a thick, pestilential smoke. Summoning his faithful old valet Engel, he demanded what this meant. The aide-de-camps knew perfectly, but had feigned ignorance. "Your Majesty," said the old man, "always turns down the lamp when he leaves the room, and these new-fangled things won't be turned low without smoking." "Well then," said the Emperor, "let the old burners be put back again. When we were very poor," he added, turning to his generals, "and I was only a little boy, my mother invariably lowered our lamp when it was not wanted ; I have always done so in remembrance of her, and I never mean to do anything else."

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THE END.





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